

Don SEBASTIAN,

King of PORTUGAL.

A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

— *Nec tarda Senectus*
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. Virg.

L O N D O N :

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v



C. H. Parker

THE PREFACE.

WHether it happen'd through a long Disuse of Writing, that I forgot the usual Compass of a Play ; or that by crowding it with Characters and Incidents, I put a Necessity upon my self of lengthning the main Action, I know not ; but the first Day's Audience sufficiently convinc'd me of my Error ; and that the Poem was insupportably too long. 'Tis an ill Ambition of us Poets, to please an Audience with more than they can hear : And, supposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider, that no Man can bear to be long tickled. There is a Nauseousness in a City-Feast, when we are to sit four Hours after we are cloy'd. I am therefore in the first Place to acknowledge, with all manner of Gratitude, their Civility ; who were pleas'd to endure it with so much Patience, to be weary with so much Good-nature and Silence, and not to explode an Entertainment, which was design'd to please them ; or discourage an Author, whose Misfortunes have once more brought him against his Will, upon the Stage. While I continue in these bad Circumstances, (and truly I see very little Probability of coming out :) I must be oblig'd to write, and if I may still hope for the same kind Usage, I shall the less repent of that hard Necessity. I write not this out of any Expectation to be piried ; for I have Enemies enough to wish me yet in a worse Condition ; but

give me Leave to say, that if I can please by Writing, as I shall endeavour it, the Town may be somewhat oblig'd to my Misfortunes, for a Part of their Diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having observ'd how difficult it was to please; that the Humours of Comedy were almost spent, that Love and Honour (the mistaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theatres could not support their Charges, that the Audience forsook them, that young Men without Learning set up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudest, who understood the least: All these Discouragements, had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had also given me a Loathing of it. But enough of this: The Difficulties continue; they increase, and I am still condemn'd to dig in those exhausted Mines. Whatever Fault I next commit, rest assur'd it shall not be that of too much Length: Above twelve hundred Lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, since it was first deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed so judiciously lop'd by Mr. *Batterton*, to whose Care and excellent Action I am equally oblig'd, that the Connexion of the Story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some Part of the Action from being precipitated and coming on without that due Preparation, which is requir'd to all great Events: As in particular, that of raising the Mobile, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a Man of *Benducar's* cool Character cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all those Precautions, which he foresaw wou'd be necessary to render his Design successful. On this Consideration I have replac'd those Lines through the whole Poem; and thereby restor'd it to that Clearness of Conception; and (if I may dare to say it) that Lustre and Masculine Vigour, in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding Reader, that the most Poetical Parts, which are Descriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences; are those which of necessity were to be par'd away, when the Body was swoln into too large a Bulk for the Representation of the Stage. But there is a vast Difference betwixt a publick Entertainment on the Theatre, and a private Reading in the Closet: In the

the first we are confin'd to Time, and though we talk not by the Hour-glass, yet the Watch often drawn out of the Pocket warns the Actors that their Audience is weary; in the last every Reader is Judge of his own Convenience; he can take up the Book and lay it down at his Pleasure; and find out those Beauties of Propriety in Thought and Writing, which escap'd him in the Tumult and Hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this Play, that in the Roughness of the Numbers and Cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so design'd) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your View, than in most, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures, and more suitable to the Loftiness of the Subject; and besides this, some Newnesses of *English*, translated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the Elegancies of the *Latin*; and here and there some old Words are sprinkled, which for their Significance and Sound deserv'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in *Salust* among the *Roman* Authors, and in *Milton's* *Paradise* amongst ours; tho' perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a Hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his Sense.

As for the Story or Plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely Fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those Times, that *Sebastian* a young Prince of great Courage and Expectation, undertook that War partly upon a Religious Account, partly at the Solicitation of *Muley-Mahomet*, who had been driven out of his Dominions by *Abdelmelech*, or as others call him, *Muley-Moluch*, his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the *Xeriff's*, whose Fathers *Hamet* and *Mahomet* had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces; and shar'd it betwixt them after their Victory: That the Body of *Don Sebastian* was never found in the Field of Battle; which gave Occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some Years after, when the *Spaniards* with a pretended Title, by Force of Arms had usurp'd the Crown of *Portugal* from the House of *Braganza*, a certain Person who call'd himself *Don Sebastian*, and had all the Marks of his Body and Features

of his Face, appear'd at *Venice*, where he was own'd by some of his Country-men; but being seiz'd by the *Spaniards* was first Imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the *Portuguese* expected his Return for almost an Age together after that Battle; which is a Proof of their Extream Love to his Memory; and the Usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their Hopes and Wishes for their old Master.

This Ground-Work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon: For where the Event of a great Action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that Foundation, provided he makes it of a-piece, and according to the rule of Probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that *Sebastian* shou'd return to *Portugal* no more; but at the same time I had him at my own Disposal, whether to bestow him in *Africk*, or in any other Corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his Death; and the last of these was certainly the most easy, but for the same Reason, the least Artful; because as I have somewhere said, the Poison and the Dagger are still at hand, to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the Brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary according to the Laws of the *Drama*, that *Sebastian* shou'd no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have disposed of him according to Art, or have bungled up the Conclusion of his Adventure. In the drawing of his Character I forgot not Piety, which any one may observe to be one principal Ingredient of it; even so far as to be a Habit in him; though I show him once to be transported from it by the Violence of a sudden Passion, to endeavour a Self-murder. This being presuppos'd, that he was Religious, the Horror of his Incest, tho' innocently Committed, was the best Reason which the Stage cou'd give for hind'ring his Return. 'Tis true I have no right to blast his Memory, with such a Crime: But declaring it to be Fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have

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have Reason to presume he is. On this Supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him; for the Learned Mr. Rymer, has well observ'd, that in all Punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical Justice; and according to those Measures an involuntary Sin deserves not Death; from whence it follows, that to Divorce himself from the beloved Object, to retire into a Desert, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost Punishment, which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was also the utmost Reparation, which *Sebastian* cou'd make. For what relates to *Almeyda*, her Part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the Surname of a Family in *Portugal*, which was very Instrumental in the Restoration of *Don John de Braganza*, Father to the most Illustrious and most Pious Princess our Queen *Dowager*. The French Author of a Novel, call'd *Don Sebastian*, has given that Name to an African Lady of his own Invention, and makes her Sister to *Muley Mahomet*. But I have wholly chang'd the Accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the Supposition, that she, was belov'd by the King of *Portugal*. Tho', if I had taken the whole Story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the Practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus *Augustus Caesar* wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the less his own, because *Euripides* had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late Years *Corneille* writ an *Oedipus* after *Sophocles*; and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr. *Lee*, yet neither the French Poet stole from the *Greek*, nor we from the *French-man*. 'Tis the Contrivance, the new Turn, and new Characters, which alters the Property and make it ours. The *Materia Poetica* is as common to all Writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all Physicians. Thus in our *Chronicles*, *Daniel's* History is still his own, though *Matthew Paris*, *Stow* and *Hollingshed* writ before him, otherwise we must have been content with their dull Relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own Account after a new and better Manner.

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanick Rules of Unity: I knew them and had them in my Eye, but follow'd them only at a Distance, for the Genius of the *English* cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to Variety even to a Debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-plot requir'd them so to be; though the general Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the time of two Days, because the Variety of Accidents, which are here represented, could not naturally be suppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to superceed a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat Deviated from the known History, in the Death of *Muley Moluch*, who, by all Relations died of a Fever in the Bartel, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another Day of Life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a Character of Brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present Emperor *Muley Ishmael*, as some of our *English* Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.

I have been listening what Objections had been made, against the Conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd Name them, a true Critick wou'd imagin that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up Fantoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but *etatem habet, de se loquatur*. Others, that the double Poison is unnatural; let the common received Opinion, and *Ausonius* his famous Epigram answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant Sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of *Dorax*, is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them read the Play and think again, and if yet they are not satisfy'd, cast their Eyes on that Chapter of the *Wife Montaigne*, which is Intituled *de l'Inconstance des Actions humaines*. A longer Reply, is what those Cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their Fellows to understand, that the Earl of *Dorset* was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted: and did me the Favour to send me Word, that I had written beyond any of my former.

former Plays; and that he was displeas'd any thing shou'd be cut away. If I have not Reason to prefer his single Judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be Judge; for the Opposition is the same with that of *Lucan's* Heroe against an Army; *currere bellum, atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever Errors there may be, either in the Designing, or Writing of this Play, they are not those which have been Objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of Doting; and that I have given so much Application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many gross Absurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too rash a Censure; and may also encourage my Friends who are many more than I cou'd reasonably have expected, to believe their Kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me. This is not a Play that was huddled up in Haste; and to shew it was not, I will own, that beside the general Moral of it, which is given in the four last Lines, there is also another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will observe, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret Beauties in the Decorum of Parts, and Uniformity of Design, which my puny Judges will not easily find out; let them consider in the last Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preserv'd the Rule of Decency, in giving all the Advantage to the Royal Character, and in making *Dorax* first submit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through Indigence of Characters that I have given the same to *Sebastian* and *Almeyda*; and consequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the Matter, and they will find that this Identity of Character in the Greatness of their Souls, was intended for a Preparation of the final Discovery, and that the Likeness of their Nature, was a fair Hint to the Proximity of their Blood.

To avoid the Impuration of too much Vanity (for all Writers, especially Poets will have some) I will give but one other Instance, in relation to the Uniformity of the Design. I have observ'd, that the *English* will not bear a
through

thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lighten'd with underparts of Mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my Audience a better course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of *Antonio* and *Morayms*. But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any Man cou'd have invented one, which had been more of a-piece, and more depending, on the serious part of the Design. For what could be more uniform, than to draw from out of the Members of the Captive Court, the Subject of a comical Entertainment? To prepare this Epifode, you see *Dorax* giving the Character of *Antonio*, in the beginning of the Play, upon his first Sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the Dependence, *Antonio* is engag'd in the Fourth Act, for the Deliverance of *Almeyda*; which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rable.

I shou'd beg Pardon for these Instances; but perhaps they may be of Use to future Poets, in the Conduct of their Plays: At least if I appear too positive; I am growing old, and thereby in Possession of some Experience, which Men in Years will always assume for a Right of Talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reason to set a Value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his Reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my Old Master *Virgil*,

Tu ne cede malis; sed contra audentior ito.

PRO

PROLOGUE

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho' he's no more My Lord,

May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:

So may cast Poets write; there's no Pretension

To argue Loss of Wit, from Loss of Pension.

Your Looks are cheerful; and in all this Place

I see not one, that wears a Damning Face.

The British Nation is too brave, to shew

Ignoble Vengeance on a vanquish'd Foe.

At least be civil to the Wretch imploring;

And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring;

Suppose our Poet was your Foe before;

Yet now, the Business of the Field is o'er;

'Tis Time to let your Civil-Wars alone,

When Troops are into Winter-Quarters gone.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;

And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.

Take good Advice, and please your selves this Day;

No Matter from what Hands you have the Play.

Among good Fellows ev'ry Health will pass,

That serves to carry round another Glass:

When, with full Bowls of Burgundy you dine,

Tho' at the Mighty Monarch you repine,

You grant him still Most Christian in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet; but his Brains grow Addle;

And all the rest is purely foam this Noddle:

You've seen Young Ladies at the Senate-Door,

Prefer Petitions, and your Grace implore;

However grave the Legislators were,

Their Cause want ne'er the worse for being Fair.

Reasons

The PREFACE.

Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
 But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing.
 I heard him make Advances of good Nature;
 That he, for once, wou'd sheath his cutting Satyr;
 Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
 The sacred Names of Pops and Beaus profane.
 Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I swear,
 As Times go now, he offers very fair.
 Be not too hard on him with Scarcates neither,
 Be kind; and do not set your Teeth together,
 To stretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.
 Horses by Papists are not to be ridden;
 But sure the Muses Horse was ne'er forbidden.
 For in no Rate-Book it was ever found
 That Pegasus was valued at Five Pound:
 Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
 And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken betwixt Antonio and Morayma.

Mor. **I** Quak'd at Heart, for Fear the Royal Fashion
 Shou'd have seduc'd us two to Separation:
 To be drawn in, against our own Desire,
 Poor I to be a Nun, poor you a Fryar.

Ant. I trembled when the Old Man's Hand was in,
 He wou'd have prov'd we were too near of Kin:
 Discov'ring old Intreaques of Love, like i'other,
 Betwixt my Father and thy sinful Mother;
 To make us Sister Turk and Christian Brother.

Mor. Excuse me there; that League shou'd have been ra-
 Betwixt your Mother and my Musti Father; (ther
 'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit,
 Your Friends shou'd bear the Bajlard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant.

Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian
 With Incest prov'd upon us—

Mor. Without Question

Their Conscience was too queazy of Digestion.

Ant. Thou would'st have kept the Counsel of thy Brother,
 And sinn'd 'till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beas't as you are, on Nature's Laws to trample;
 Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example.
 And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,
 'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
 To save a Maid's Remorses and Confusions,
 E'en leave me now, before we try Conclusions.

Ant. To copy their Example, first make certain
 Of one good Hour, like theirs, before our parting;
 Make a Debauch o'er Night of Love and Madness;
 And marry when we wake in sober Sadness.

Mor. I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing.
 One Night might cost me nine long Months repenting:
 First wed, and if you find that Life a Fetter,
 Die when you please, the sooner, Sir, the better:
 My Wealth wou'd get me Love e'er I cou'd ask it:
 Oh, there's a strange Temptation in the Gasket:
 All these young Sharppers wou'd my Grace importune,
 And make me thundering Votes of Lives and Fortune.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Sebastian</i> , King of Portugal.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Muley-Moluch</i> , Emperor of Barbary.	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Dorax</i> , a Noble Portuguese, now a Renegade, formerly <i>Don Alonzo de Sylvera</i> , Alcade, or Governor of <i>Alcazar</i> .	} Mr. Betterton.
<i>Benducar</i> , Chief Minister, and Favourite to the Emperor.	
<i>The Musti Abdalla</i> .	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Muley-Zeydan</i> , Brother to the Emperor.	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Don Antonio</i> , a young, noble, amorous Portuguese, now a Slave.	Mr. Powell, Junr.
<i>Don Alvarez</i> , an old Counsellor to <i>Don Sebastian</i> , now a Slave also.	} Mr. Montford.
<i>Mustapha</i> , Captain of the Rabble.	
	Mr. Bowman.
	Mr. Leigh.

W O M E N.

<i>Almeyda</i> , a Captive Queen of Barbary.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Morayma</i> , Daughter to the <i>Musti</i> .	Mrs. Montford.
<i>Johayma</i> , Chief Wife to the <i>Musti</i> .	Mrs. Leigh.
Two Merchants.	
Rabble.	
A Servant to <i>Benducar</i> .	
A Servant to the <i>Musti</i> .	

SCENE in the Castle of *Alcazar*.

Don SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene at Alcazar, representing a Market-Place under the Castle.

Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.

Muley-Zeyd. **N**OW Africa's long Wars are at an End; and our parch'd Earth is drench'd in Christian Blood, my conquering Brother will have Slaves enow, to pay his cruel Vows for Victory. What hear you of Sebastian, King of Portugal?

Benducar. He fell among a Heap of slaughter'd Moors; though yet his mangled Carcase is not found. The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahomet*, was hot pursued; and in the general Rout, mistook a swelling Current for a Foord; and in *Mucazer's* Flood was seen to rise; thrice was he seen; at length his Courser plung'd, and threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him, and helpless in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguish'd: Thus, *Moluch*, still the Favourite of Fate, swims in a sanguine Torrent to the Throne: As if our Prophet only work'd for him; the Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Seryants: As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their Care, and younger Brothers but the Draft of Nature.

B

Bend.

Bend. Be still, and learn the soothing Arts of Court; Adore his Fortune; mix with flattering Crowds; and when they praise him most, be you the lowdest. Your Brother is luxurious, close and cruel; generous by Fits, but permanent in Mischief. The Shadow of a Discontent wou'd ruin us; we must be safe, before we can be great: These Things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often try'd, and ever found so true, has given me Trust, and Trust has given me Means once to be false for all. I trust not him; for now his Ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute, how am I sure to stand who serv'd those Ends? I know your Nature open, mild, and grateful: In such a Prince the People may be blest, and I be safe.

Mul. Zeyd. My Father! [Embracing him.]

Bend. My future King! (auspicious Muley-Zeydan :) Shall I adore you? No, the Place is publick; I worship you within; the outward Act shall be reserv'd 'till Nations follow me, and Heaven shall envy you the kneeling World. You know th' Alcald of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?

Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade, you mean?

Bend. The same: That gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest, contains the shining Treasure of a Soul, Resolv'd and Brave; he has the Soldiers Hearts; and Time shall make him ours.

Mul. He's just upon us.

Bend. I know him from afar, by the long Stride and by the sullen Port.—Retire my Lord: Wait on your Brother's Triumph, yours is next; his Growth is but a wild and fruitless Plant; I'll cut his barren Branches to the Stock, and graft you on to bear.

Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [Exit Muley-Zeyd.]

Bend. Yes, to delude your Hopes, poor credulous Fool, To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit of so much Toil, such Guilt, and such Damnation: If I am damn'd, it shall be for my self: This easie Fool must be my Stale, set up to catch the People's Eyes: He's tame and merciful, him I can manage, 'till I make him odious by some unpopular Act, and then dethrone him.

Enter

King of PORTUGAL.

Enter Dorax.

Now Dorax!

Dorax. Well Benducar!

Bend. Bare Benducar!

Dor. Thou wouldst have Titles; take 'em then, Chief Minister, first Hangman of the State.

Bend. Some call me Favourite.

Dorax. What's that his Minion? Thou art too old to be a Catamite! Now prithee tell me, and abate thy Pride, Is not *Benducar* Bare, a better Name in a Friend's Mouth, than all those gawdy Titles, which I disdain to give the Man I love?

Bend. But always out of Humour, —

Dorax. I have Cause: 'Tho' all Mankind is Cause enough for Satyr.

Bend. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on Mankind; they say in Fight, thou had'st a thirsty Sword, and well 'twas glutted there.

Dorax. I spitted Frogs, I crush'd a Heap of Emmets, a hundred of 'em to a single Soul, and that but scanty Weight too: The great Devil scarce thank'd me for my Pains; he swallows Vulgar like whipp'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.

Bend. Brave Renegade! Could'st thou not meet *Sebastian*? Thy Master had been worthy of thy Sword.

Dorax. My Master! By what Title? Because I happen'd to be born Where he happen'd to be a King? And yet I serv'd him, nay, I was Fool enough to love him too. You know my Story, how I was rewarded, for fifteen hard Campaigns, still hoop'd in Iron; and why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful; but whosoever dares to injure me, let that Man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Bend. Still you run off from Byass: Say, what moves your present Spleen?

Dorax. You mark'd not what I told you: I kill'd not one that was his Maker's Image; I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes. *Sebastian* was my Aim; he was a Man: Nay though he hated me, and I hate him, yet I must do him Right; he was a Man, above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to Divinity. Brave, pious, generous, great

Don SEBASTIAN,

and liberal. Just, as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seasons; he lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd: And thence proceeds my mortal Hatred to him, that thus unblameable to all besides, he err'd to me alone: His Goodness was diffus'd to human-kind, and all his Cruelty confin'd to me.

Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?

Dorax. No, though I sought where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place to seek *Sebastian*: Through a Track of Death I follow'd him, by Groans of dying Foes, but still I came too late, for he was flown like Lightning, swift before me to new Slaughterers, I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest, defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain, for he was still supplying Death elsewhere: This mads me, that perhaps ignoble Hands have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer: Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone had Right to slay: I too wou'd have been slain, that catching hold of his flitting Ghost I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n; and drag'd him down with me, Spight of Predestination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much Import as *Afric's* Worth, to know what came of him, and of *Almeyda* the Sister of the Vanquish'd *Mahomet*, whose fatal Beauty, to her Brother, drew the Land's third Part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n's.

Dor. I hope she dy'd in her own Female Calling, choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumcision. As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field, and where we see a Mountain of the Slain, send one to climb, and looking down below, there he shall find him at his manly Length, with his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument, which his true Sword has digg'd:

Bend. Yet we may possibly hear farther News; for while our *Africans* pursu'd the Chase, the Captain of the Rabble issued out, with a black, shirtless Train, to spoil the Dead, and seize the Living.

Dor. Each of 'em an Hoast, a Million strong of Vermin ev'ry Villain: No Part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy, Chaps of Power, and priviledg'd Destruction.

Bend. Yet I must tell you Friend, the Great must use 'em, sometimes as necessary Tools of Tumult.

Dor.

King of PORTUGAL.

5

Der. I Wou'd use 'em like Dogs in Times of Plague,
Out-laws of Nature, fit to be shot and brain'd; without a
Process, to stop Infection; that's their proper Death.

Bend. No more — Behold the Emperor coming to
survey the Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

*Enter Muley-Moluch, the Emperor, with Attendants; the
Musty, and Muley-Zeydan:*

Moluch. Our Armour's now may rust, our idle Scymiters
hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use: Children shall
beat our Atabals and Drums, and all the noisy Trades of
War, no more shall wake the peaceful Morn: The Xeriff's
Blood no longer in divided Channels runs; the younger
House took End in *Mahumet*: Nor shall *Sebastian's* formi-
dable Name be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe!

Musty. For this Victorious Day, our Mighty Prophet
expects your Gratitude, the Sacrifice of Christian Slaves,
devoted, if you won.

Mol. The purple Present shall be richly paid: That Vow
perform'd, Fasting shall be abolish'd: None ever serv'd
Heav'n well with a starv'd Face: Preach Abstinence no
more: I tell thee, *Musty*, good Feasting is devout; and
thou, our Head, hast a religious, ruddy Countenance!
We will have learned Luxury: Our lean Faith gives Scan-
dal to the Christians; they feed high. Then look for
Shoals of Converts, when thou hast reform'd us into
Feasting.

Musty. Fasting is but the Letter of the Law: Yet it shows
well to preach it to the Vulgar. Wine is against our
Law, that's literal too; but not deny'd to Kings and to
their Guides: Wine is a Holy Liquor, for the Great.

Dorax. (*Aside.*) This *Musty*, in my Conscience, is some
English Renegade, he talks so favourly of Toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

Don SEBASTIAN,

Enter Mustapha, Captain of the Rabble, with his Followers of the Black Guard, &c. and other Moors: With them a Company of Portuguese Slaves, without any of the chief Persons.

M. Mol. These are not fit to pay an Emperor's Vow; our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims; these are but Garbidge, not a Sacrifice.

Muf. The Prophet must not pick and chuse his Off'rings; now he has giv'n the Day, 'tis past recalling; and he must be content with such as these.

M. Mol. But are these all? Speak you, who are their Masters.

Musta. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, so: If not, you must stay 'till they get a better Generation: These Christians are meer Bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; and these have all the Looks of Eldest Sons.

M. Mol. Pain of your Lives, let none conceal a Slave.

Muf. Let every Man look to his own Conscience; I am sure mine shall never hang me.

Bend. Thou speak'st as thou wert privy to Concealments: Then thou art an Accomplice.

Muf. Nay, if Accomplices must suffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a Great Man and a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confess, he'll be sure to 'scape between his Greatness and his Holiness, and I shall be murder'd, because of my Poverty and Rascality.

Musti. (*Winking at him.*) Then if thy Silence save the Great and Holy, 'tis sure thou shalt go straight to Paradise.

Muf. 'Tis a fine Place, they say; but, Doctor, I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for such a poor, rascally Musulman as I am: Besides, I have learnt so much good Manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be serv'd before me.

M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if the *Musti* were concern'd:

Muf.

King of PORTUGAL.

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Must. Your Majesty may lay your Soul on't: But for my Part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into Paradise, I wou'd he shou'd know it. The Troth on't is, an't like you, His Reverence bought of me the Flower of all the Market: These ——— these are but Dog's-meat to 'em; and a round Price he paid me too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my Neck for: If I get Paradise when my Time comes, I can't help my self; but I'll venture nothing before-hand upon a blind Bargain.

M. Mol. Where are those Slaves? Produce 'em.

Must. They are not what he says.

M. Mol. No more Excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*] Know thou may'st better dally with a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Must. I but reserv'd 'em to present thy Greatness an Offering worthy thee.

Must. By the same Token, there was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin said I! But I won't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish, leering Eye! He paid me down for her upon the Nail, a Thousand golden *Sultans*; or he had never had her, I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious Morfel, and give it away out of his own Mouth; when it had such a Farewel with it too?

Enter Sebastian conducted in mean Habit, with Alvarez, Antonio, and Almeyda; her Face veil'd with a Barnus.

M. Mol. Ay; these look like the Workmanship of Heav'n: This is the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, and therefore cast into these noble Moulds.

Dorax. [*Aside, while the Emperor whispers Benducar.*] By all my Wrongs 'tis he; Damnation seize me but 'tis he! My Heart heaves up and swells; he's Poyson to me: My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love, bleed at their Murderers Sight.

[*Bend. to Dor. aside.*]

The Emperor wou'd learn these Pris'ners Names; you know 'em.

Dor.

Don SEBASTIAN,

Dor. Tell him No. And trouble me no more. — I will not know 'em. Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heaven which I renounc'd, with my Revenge? then where's my Satisfaction? No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy.

(*Aside.*)

M. Mol. 'Tis decreed, these of a better Aspect, with the rest, shall share one common Doom, and Lots decide it. For ev'ry number'd Captive put a Ball into an Urn; three only Black be there, the rest, all White are safe.

Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman must not draw.

M. Mol. O *Musti*! We know your Reason, let her share the Danger.

Muf. Our Law says plainly Women have no Souls:

M. Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are Mortal, set her by: Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her the fairest of her Sex, so much unseen, I hate the Sister of our Rival House, Ten Thousand such dry Notions of our *Alcoran* shou'd not protect her Life; if not Immortal: Die as she cou'd, all of a Piece, the better, that none of her remain.

Here an Urn is brought in: The Pris'ners approach with great Concernment; and among the rest Sebastian, Alvarez and Antonio; who come more chearfully.

Dor. Poor abject Creatures how they fear to Dye! These never knew one happy Hour in Life, yet shake to lay it down: Is Load so pleasant? Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death, that Men may bear to Live? [*Aside.*]

——— Now for our Heroes.

The three Approach.

O, these come up with Spirits more resolv'd! Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him, the Fav'rite once of this *Sebastian's* Father; now Minister; (too honest for his Trade) Religion bears him out, a Thing taught young, in Age ill practis'd, yet his Prop in Death. O he has drawn a Black, and smiles u on't; as who should say my Faish and Soul are White, tho' swarthy: Now if there be hereafter, he's blest; if not, well cheated, and dyes pleas'd.

Anton.

King of PORTUGAL.

Anton. *holding his Lot in his clench'd Hand.*

Here I have thee, be what thou wilt : I will not look too soon. Thou hast a Colour ; if thou prov'st not right, I have a Minute good, 'ere I behold thee. Now, let me rowl and grubble thee, blind Men say White feels Smooth, and Black feels rough ; thou hast a rugged Skin ; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's th' Amorous, Airy Spark, *Antonio* ; the wittiest Woman's Toy in *Portugal*. Lord, what a Loss of Treats and Serenades ! The whole She Nation will b' in Mourning for him.

Antonio. I've a moist sweaty Palm ; the more's my Sin : If it be Black, yet only dy'd, not odious damn'd natural Ebony, there's Hope in rubbing to wash this Ethiopie white. — (*Looks*) Pox of the Proverb ! As black as Mell ; Another lucky Saying ! I think the Devils in me : — Good again, I cannot speak one Syllable, but tends to Death or to Damnation, [*Holds up his Ball.*]

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future Journey : And wishes his Boots off again ; for fear of a bad Road, and a worse Inn at Night. Go to bed Fool, and take secure Repose, for thou shalt wake no more. (*Sebastian comes up to draw.*)

M. Mol. to (*Ben*). Mark him who now approaches to the Lot'ry, he looks secure of Death, superior Greatness, like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and said thou art the Slave of my Creation : I admire him.

Ben. He looks as Man was made, with Face erect, that scorns his brittle Corps, and seems ashamed he's not all Spirit ; his Eyes with a dumb Pride, accusing Fortune that he fell not warm : Yet now disdains to live.

[*Sebast. draws a Black.*]

M. Mol. He has his Wish ; and I have fail'd of mine !

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial Chance ! Fine Work above, that their anointed Care shou'd dye such little Death : Or did his Genius know mine the stronger Demon, fear'd the Grapple, and looking round him, found this Nook of Fate to skulk behind my Sword : Shall I discover him ? Still he wou'd dye not mine : No Thanks to my Revenge : Reserv'd but to more Royal Shambles.
'Twere

'Twere base too ; and below those vulgar Souls, that shar'd his Danger, yet not one disclos'd him : But struck with Rev'rence kept an awful Silence. I'll see no more of this : Dog of a Prophet !

[Exit Dorax.]

M. Mol. One of these Three is a whole Hecatomb ; and therefore only one of 'em shall Die. The rest are but mute Cattle ; and when Death comes, like a rushing Lion, couch like Spaniels, with lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw. Let Lots again decide it.

[The Three draw again, and the Lot falls on Sebastian.]

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage ! If I fall, it shall be like my self ; a setting Sun shou'd leave a Track of Glory in the Skies.----Behold *Sebastian*, King of Portugal.

M. Mol. *Sebastian* ! ha ! it must be he ; no other cou'd represent such suffring Majesty : I saw him, as he terms himself, a Sun struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day on either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebast. Not less ev'n in this despicable now, than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights, and froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Bend. (To M. Mol.) Extravagantly Brave ! ev'n to an Impudence of Greatness.

Sebast. Here satiate all your Fury ; let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me, I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield can take in all ; and Verge enough for more. I wou'd have conquer'd you ; and ventur'd only a narrow Neck of Land for a third World ; to give my loosen'd Subjects Room to play. Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's : Now I have pleas'd my Longing, and trod the Ground which I beheld from far : I beg no Pity for this mouldring Clay : For if you give it Burial, there it takes Possession of your Earth : If burnt and scatter'd in the Air, the Winds that strew my Dust, diffuse my Royalty, and spread me o'er your Clime : For where one Atome of mine shall light ; know there *Sebastian* Reigns.

M. Mol. I'll show thee for a Monster through my *Africk*.

Seb.

Seb. No thou canst only shew me for a Man: *Africk* is
 or'd with Monsters; *Mau's* a Prodigy, thy Subjects
 have not seen.

Mol. M. Thou talk'st as if still at the Head of Battle.

Seb. Thou mistak'st, for then I would not talk.

Bend. Sure he wou'd sleep.

Seb. 'Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet sounds to rise;
 or that's a Soldier's Call.

M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late: Thou shou'dst have dy'd
 in Battle, like a Soldier.

Seb. I fought and fell like one; but Death deceiv'd me,
 wanted Weight of feeble *Moors* upon me, to crush my
 soul out.

M. Mol. Still untameable! In what a Ruin has thy head-
 strong Pride, and boundless Thirst of Empire plung'd thy
 people.

Sebast. What say'st thou, Ha! No more of that.

M. Mol. Behold, what Carcasses of thine thy Crimes has
 brew'd, and left our *Africk* Vultures to devour.

Bend. Those Souls were those thy God intrusted with
 thee, to cherish, not destroy.

Sebast. Witness, O Heaven, how much this Sight con-
 cerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul for each of these: How
 gladly wou'd I pay the Ransom down: But since I have
 but one, 'tis a King's Life, and freely 'tis bestow'd. Not
 your false Prophet, but eternal Justice has destin'd me the
 Lot, to die for these: 'Tis fit a Sovereign so shou'd pay
 each Subjects; for Subjects such as they are seldom seen,
 who not forsook me at my greatest Need: Nor for base
 Lucre sold their Loyalty, but shar'd my Dangers to the
 last Event, and sent'd 'em with their own: These Thanks
 pay you: [Wipes his Eyes.] And know, that when
Sebastian weeps, his Tears come harder than his Blood.

M. Mol. They plead too strongly to be withstood: My
 Clouds are gath'ring too, in kindly Mixture with this
 Royal Show'r. Be safe, and owe thy Life, not to my
 Gift, but to the Greariness of thy Mind, *Sebastian*: Thy
 Subjects too small live; a due Reward for their untainted
 Faith, in thy Concealment. [A general Shout.]

Musici. Remember, Sir, your Vow.

Mol.

Mul. M. Do thou remember thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not Blood.

Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too strong to last.
[*Aside to Benducar.*

Bend. The *Mufti* reddens ; mark that holy Cheek.
[*To him.*

He frets within, froths Treason at his Month, and churns it through his Teeth : Leave me to work him.

Sebast. A Mercy unexpected, undesir'd, surprizes more : You've learnt the Art to vanquish : You cou'd not (give me Leave to tell you, Sir) have giv'n me Life but in my Subjects Safety : Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

M. Mol. Still great and grateful, that's thy Character. Unveil the Woman ; I wou'd view the Face that warm'd our *Mufti*'s Zeal : These pious Parrots peck the fairest Fruits. Such Tasters are for Kings.

[*Officers go to Almeyda, to unveil her.*]

Almeyda. Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy Title : Force her.

Seb. On your Lives, approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this !

Seb. Sir, pardon me, and hear me speak——

Almeyda. Hear me ; I will be heard : I am no Slave ; the noblest Blood of *Africk* runs in my Veins ; a purer Stream than thine : For, though deriv'd from the same Source, thy Current is puddl'd, and defil'd with Tyranny.

M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here !

Almeyda. I shou'd be one, because of Kin to thee : Wou'd'st thou be touch'd by the presuming Hands of sawcy Grooms ? The same Respect, nay more, is due to me : More for my Sex ; the same for my Descent. These Hands are only fit to draw the Curtain. Now, if thou dar'st behold *Almeyda*'s Face !

[*Unveils her self.*

Bend. Wou'd I had never seen it !

[*Aside.*

Almeyda. She, whom thy *Mufti* tax'd to have no Soul ; let *Africk* now be Judge. Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape, as did *Sebastian*, when he own'd his Greatness : But to remove that Scruple, know, base Man, my murder'd Father, and my Brother's Ghost still haunt this Breast,

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Breast, and prompt it to Revenge. Think not I cou'd forgive, nor dare thou Pardon.

M. Mol. Wou'd'st thou revenge thee, Trait'refs, hadst thou Pow'r?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more justly thine: Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir of this large Empire; but with Arms united they fought their Way, and seiz'd the Crown by Force: And equal as their Danger, was their Share: For where was Eldership, where none had Right, but that which Conquest gave? 'Twas thy Ambition pull'd from my peaceful Father, what his Sword help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom; no Provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal, that burning in me, wou'd flame to Vengeance, cou'd it find a Vent. My Brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold in his deep watry Bed: My wandring Mother, who in Exile died. O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*, that one might burgeon where another fell! Still wou'd I give thee Work; still, still, thou Tyrant, and hiss thee with the last.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me: Whether the Toils of Battle, unrepair'd with due Repose, or other sudden Qualm——— *Benducar*, do the rest.

[Goes off, the Court follows him.]

Bend. Strange! In full Health! This Pang is of the Soul; the Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter. Conduct these Royal Captives to the Castle; bid *Dorax* use 'em well, 'till farther Order.

[Going off, stops.] The inferior Captives their first Owners take, to sell, or to dispose.——— You, *Mustapha*, set open the Market for the Sale of Slaves.

[Exit *Benducar*.]

The Masters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of several Qualities come in and chaffer about the several Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Mustapha. My Chattels are come into my Hands again, and my Conscience will serve me to sell 'em twice over; any Price now, before the *Musfri* comes to claim 'em.

First Merchant, to Mustapha. What dost hold that old Fellow at? (*Pointing to Alvarez.*) He's tough, and has no Service in his Limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose you wou'd not boil him. I ask for him a thousand Crowns.

1st Mer. What Virtues has he to deserve that Price?

Must. Marry come up, Sir! Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich; what other Virtues wou'dst thou have in a Nobleman?

1st Mer. I buy him with another Man's Purse, that's my Comfort. My Lord *Doran*, the Governor, will have him at any Rate: — There's Handsel. Come, old Fellow, to the Castle.

Alvar. To what is miserable Age reserv'd! [*Aside.* But oh the King! And oh the fatal Secret! which I have kept thus long, to time it better; and now I wou'd disclose, 'tis past my Power. [*Exit with his Master.*

Must. Something of a Secret, and of the King, I heard him mutter: A Pimp I warrant him, for I am sure he is an old Courtier. Now to put off t'other Remnant of my Merchandize, — Stir up, Sirrah. [*To Antonio.*

Anton. Dog, what wou'dst thou have?

Must. Learn better Manners, or I shall serve you a Dog-Trick; come, down upon all four immediately: I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horse of me?

Must. Horse or Ass, that's as thy Mother made thee: — But take Earnest in the first Place for thy Sawciness.

[*Lashes him with his Whip.* Be advis'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Ensign of Royalty display'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one Day to use thee worse in Portugal.

Must. Ay, and good Reason, Friend, if thou catchest me a conquering on thy Side of the Water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this. —

[*Holds up his Whip.*

Antonio. (*Lying down.*) Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee chearfully; I see the Doctrine of Non-Resistance is never practis'd thoroughly but when a Man can't help himself.

Enter

King of PORTUGAL.

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Enter a Second Merchant.

2d Merchant, You, Friend, I wou'd see that Fellow do his Postures.

Mustapha. (*Bridling Antonio.*) Now Sirrah, follow, for you have Rope enough: To your Paces, Villain, amble, trot, and gallop: ——— Quick, about there. ——— Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your Credit. [*Antonio follows at the End of the Bridle, on his Hands and Feet, and does all his Postures.*]

2d Merchant. He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good Back; that's half in half. [*To Mustapha.*] I wou'd see him strip; has he no Diseases about him?

Must. He's the best Piece of Man's Flesh in the Market; not an Eye-sore in his whole Body: Feel his Legs, Master, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gill.

[*Chops him on the Shoulder.*]

Merchant. (*Feeling about him, and then putting his Hand to his Side.*) Out upon him, how his Flank heaves! The Whorson's broken-winded.

Must. Thick-breath'd a little: Nothing but a sorry Cold with lying out o' Nights in Trenches; ——— but sound Wind and Limb, I warrant him. Try him at a loose Trot a little.

[*Puts the Bridle into his Hand, and strokes him.*]

Anton. For Heaven's Sake, Ownez, spare me; you know I am but new broken.

2d Merchant. 'Tis but a washy Jade, I see: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Must. Bauble! do you call him: He's a substantial trac-bred Beast, bravely fore handed; mark but the Cleanse of his Shapes too; his Dam may be a Spanish Gonnor, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no Skill in Horse-Flesh. Marry I ask Six Hundred Mericks for him.

Enter Mustri.

Mustri. What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

G 2

Must.

Must. Marry, I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons; I was doing you a small Piece of Service here, putting off your Chattel for you.

Musti. And putting the Money into your own Pocket.

Must. Upon vulgar Reputation, no my Lord, it was for your Profit and Emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was sensible you won'd have damn'd me, or any Man that thou'd have injur'd you in a single Forthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Musti. Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah, — and Damning shall be the least Part of your Punishment: I have taken you in the Manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Must. Good, my Lord, take Pity upon a poor Man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Must. No, Sirrah, so you may repent, and 'scape Punishment. Did not you sell this very Slave amongst the rest to me, and take Money for him?

Must. Right, my Lord.

Musti. And selling him again? Take Money twice for the same Commodity? Oh, Villain! But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Must. Why shou'd I lye to your Honour; I did know him; and thereupon, seeing him wander about, I took him up for a Stray, and impounded him, with Intention to restore him to the right Owner.

Musti. And yet at the same Time was selling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together.

Must. Patience, my Lord. I took him up as your Heriot, with Intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole Product of him in a Purse to you; for I know you wou'd have spent half of it upon your pious Pleasures, have boarded up the other half, and given the Remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Musti. And what's become of my other Slave? Thou hast sold him too I have a villainous Suspicion.

Must. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young, robustous Fellow, that old Spark, who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by Consequence, very nimble, slip't thro' my Fingers like an Eel, for there was no Hold-fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new Master.

Musti.

King of PORTUGAL.

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Musti. (To Antonio.) Follow me home, Sirrah:
(To Must.) I shall remember you some other Time.

[*Exit Musti with Antonio.*]

Must. I never doubted your Lordship's Memory for an ill Turn: And I shall remember him too in the next Ringing of the Mobile, for this Act of Resumption; and more especially for the Ghostly Counsel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my self in Silence, to have sav'd his Reverence. The best on't is, I am before-hand with him, for selling one of his Slaves twice over. — And if he had not come just in the Nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what shou'd a poor Man do, that gets his Living by hard Labour, but pray for bad Times when he may get it easily. O, for some incomparable Tumult! Then shou'd I naturally wish, that the beaten Party might prevail, because we have plunder'd t'other Side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

*Rash rich and poor for their own Interest pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortunes while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every Day.*

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(*Exit Mustapha.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. Suppos'd to be a Terrass-Walk, on the Side of the Castle of Alcazer.

Emperor and Benducur.

Emper. **A**ND thinkest thou not it was discovered?
Bend. No: The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves, the Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred Retreat, where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.

Emp. Did not my conscious Eyes fl. sh out a Flame to
lighten those brown Horrors, and disclose the sacred Path
I trod ?

Bend. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue to that
close Labarynth; how then shou'd they ?

Emp. I wou'd be loth they shou'd: It breeds Contempt
for Herds to listen or presume to pry, when the hurt Lyon
groans within his Den: But is't not strange ?

Bend. To love ? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax im-
pos'd on all by Nature, paid in Kind, familiar as our
Being.

Emp. Still 'tis strange to me: I know my Soul as wild
as Winds, that sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be sow'd upon our Sands as in a Breast
so barren: To love an Enemy, the only one remaining too,
whom yester Sun beheld, must'ring her Charms and rol-
ling as she pass by every Squadron, her alluring Eyes: To
edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin. The Shouts
of Soldiers, and the Burst of Cannon, maintain ev'n still a
deaf and murm'ring Noise; nor is Heav'n yet recover'd
of the Sound her Battle rows'd: Yet spite of me I love.

Bend. What then controuls you ? Her Person is as pro-
strate as her Party.

Emp. A thousand things controul this Conqueror; my
native Pride to own th' unworthy Passion, Hazard of In-
terest, and my Peoples Love: To what a Storm of Fate am
I expos'd! What if I had her murder'd ? 'Tis but what my
Subjects all expect, and she deserves. Wou'd not th' im-
possibility of ever, ever seeing, or possessing, calm all this
Rage, this Hurrican of Soul ?

Bend. That ever, ever, I mark'd the Double, shews ex-
tream Reluctance to part with her for ever.

Emp. Right thou hast me, I wou'd, but cannot kill: I
must enjoy her: I must, and what I must, be sure I will.
What's Royalty but Pow'r to please my self ? And if I dare
not, then am I the Slave, and my own Slaves the Sovereigns,
—— 'Tis resolv'd: Weak Princes flatter when
they want the Pow'r to curb their People; tender Plants
must bend, but when a Government is grown to Strength,
like

like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark, it yields.
not to the tug, but only nods, and turns to sullen State.

Bend. Then you resolve t'implore her Pity, and to beg Relief?

Emp. Death, must I beg the Pity of my Slave? Must a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King; a Tyrant, may a Devil that possesses me: He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks unknown to me, within me; pushes me, and drives me on by Force. — Say I shou'd wed her, wou'd not my wise Subjects take check, and think it strange? Perhaps revolt?

Bend. I hope they wou'd not.

Emp. Then thou doubt'st they wou'd?

Bend. To whom?

Emp. To her Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to Thee.

[*Bend. in disorder.*

To me! me did you mention? how I tremble! The Name of Treason shakes my honest Soul. If I am doubted, Sir, secure your self this Moment, take my Life.

Emp. No more: If I suspected thee — I wou'd.

Bend. I thank your Kindness. Guilt had almost lost me!

[*Aside.*

Emp. But clear my Doubts: Think'st thou they may rebel.

Bend. aside.] This goes as I wou'd wish: (*to th' Emp.*) 'Tis possible. A secret Party still remains, that lurks like Embers rak'd in Ashes — wanting but a Breath to blow, aside th' involving Dust, and then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Bend. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from 'em.

Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole World; so I be safe, I care not.

Bend. Our Limbs and Lives are yours; but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be distinguish'd; if some be Friends?

Bend. They may with ease be winnow'd: Suppose some one, who has deserv'd your Trust, some one who knows Mankind, shou'd be employ'd to mix among 'em, seem a

Male.

Malecontent, and dive into their Breasts, to try how far they dare oppose your Love?

Emp. I like this well: 'Tis wholesom Wickedness.

Bend. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there, and leaves no cranny of his Soul unsearch'd: Then, like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd Venome, he brings it to your Hive: If such a Man, so able, and so honest, may be found; if not, my Project dies.

Emp. By all my Hopes thou hast describ'd thy self: --- Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine, thou only could'st contrive.

Bend. Sure I could serve you: I think I could: But here's the Difficulty, I'm so entirely yours, that I shou'd scurvily dissemble Hate; the Cheat wou'd be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a Statesman, and canst not be a Hypocrite? Impossible: Do not distrust thy Vertues.

Bend. If I must personate this seeming Villain, Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more Words: Love goads me to *Almeyda*; all Affairs are troublesome but that; and yet that most.

[*Going.*

Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebastian* like a King; I had forgot him; --- but this Love marrs all, and takes up my whole Breast.

[*Exit. Emperor.*

Bend. (to the *Emp.*) Be sure I'll tell him. --- With all the aggravating Circumstances I can, to make him swell at that Command, the Tyrant first suspected me: Then, with a sudden gust, he wharl'd about, and trusted me too far: Madness of Pow'r! Now, by his own consent, I ruin him. For, shou'd some feeble Soul for Fear or Gain bolt out t'accuse me, ev'n the King is cozen'd, and thinks he's in the Secret. How sweet is Treason when the Traytor's safe!

(*Sees the Musti and Dorax entering and seeming to confer.*)

The *Musti*, and with him my sullen *Dorax*, that first is mine already. 'Twas easy Work to gain a cov'tous Mind, whom Rage to loose his Pris'ners had prepar'd: Now caught himself, he wou'd seduce another; I must help him:

For

For Church-men, tho' they itch to govern all, are silly;
woful, awkward Politicians; they make lame Mischief, tho'
they mean it well: Their Int'rest is not finely drawn, and
hid, but Seams are coarsly bungled up, and seen.

Muf. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already to make me loath thy
Morals.

Bend. (to *Dor.*) You seem warm: The good Man's zeal,
perhaps has gone too far.

Dor. Not very far; not farther than Zeal goes of Course;
a small Day's Journey short of Treason.

Musti. By all that's Holy, Treason was not nam'd: I
spar'd the Emperor's broken Vows, to save the Slaves
from Death; tho' it was cheating Heav'n; but I forgave
him that.

Dor. And slighted o'er the Wrongs himself sustain'd in
Property: When his bought Slaves were seiz'd by Force,
no Loss of his consider'd, and no Cost repaid. [*Scornfully.*]

Musti. Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely: Some
modest Hints of private Wrongs I urg'd

Dorax. Two thirds of all he said: There he began; to
shew the Fulness of his Heart, there ended: Some short Ex-
cursions of a broken Vow, he made indeed, but flat insipid
Stuff: But when he made his Loss the Theme, he flourish'd,
reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures, and
thunder'd at oppressing Tyranny.

Musti. Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd seize
my Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n, whose Person,
though unworthy, I sustain.

Dorax. You've made such strong Alliances above, that
'twere Prof'neness in us Laity to offer earthly Aid. I
tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise, they wou'd not
wag one Finger in your Quarrels. Your Heav'n you pro-
mise, but our Earth you cover. The Phaethons of Mankind,
who fire that World, which you were sent by Preaching
but to warm.

Bend. This goes beyond the Mark.

Musti. No, let him rail; his Prophet works within
him: He's a rare Convert.

Dorax. Now his Zeal yearns to see me burnt; he damns
me.

me from his Church, because I wou'd restrain him to his Duty; is not the care of Souls a Load sufficient? Are not your holy Stipends paid for this? Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise, to study Souls, their Cures and their Diseases? If this be so, we ask you but our own. Give us your whole Employment, all your Care: The Province of the Soul is large enough to fill up every Cranny of your Time, and leave you much to answer, if our Wretch be damn'd by your Neglect.

Bend. To the *Musti*. He speaks but Reason.

Dorax. Why then these foreign Thoughts of State-Employments, abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding? Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells, bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys: What Wonder is it if you know not Men? Yet there, you live demure, with downcast Eyes, and humble as your Discipline requires: But, when let loose, from thence to live at large, your little Tincture of Devotion dies: Then Luxury succeeds, and set ago with a new Scene of yet untasted Joys, you fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast. Of all your College Vertues, nothing now but your Original Ignorance remains: Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice, you swell, to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.

Musti. He prates as if Kings had not Consciences; and none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dorax. As private Men they want you, not as Kings; nor wou'd you care to inspect their Conscience, but that it draws Dependencies of Pow'r, and Earthly Interest which you long to sway. Content you with Monopolizing Heav'n, and let this little hanging Ball alone; For give you but a foot of Conscience there, and you, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe. We know your Thoughts of us that Laymen are lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay, which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work, set upright with a little Puff of Breath, and bid us pass for Men.

Musti. I will not answer, base foul mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee, to shew my Charity. [*Exit Musti.*]

Dorax. Do; but forget not him who needs it most: Allow thy self some share. He's gone too soon; I had to tell him of his holy Jugglings; Things that wou'd startle

Faith

ish, and make us deem not this or that, but all Religions
 the same.

Bend. Our Holy Oratour has lost the Cause: But I shall
 redeem it.

[*Aside.*

(*To Dorax.*) Let him go; for I have secret Orders from
 the Emperor, which none but you must hear: I must
 confess I could have wish'd some other Hand had brought
 him. When did you see your Prisoner, Great *Sebastian*?

Dorax. You might as well have ask'd me when I saw a
 roasted Dragon, or a Basilisk; both are less Poison to my
 Eyes and Nature. He knows not I am I; nor shall he see
 me, 'till Time has perfected a lab'ring Thought, that rous'd
 within my Breast.

Bend. 'Twas my Mistake: I guess'd indeed that Time,
 and his Misfortunes, and your returning Duty had effac'd
 the Mem'ry of past Wrongs; they won'd in me; and I
 forg'd you as tame and as forgiving.

Dorax. Forgive him! No, I left my foolish Faith, be-
 cause it won'd oblige me to Forgiveness.

Bend. I can but grieve to find you obstinate: For you
 must see him; 'tis our Emp'r's Will, and strict Com-
 mand.

Dorax. I laugh at that Command.

Bend. You must do more than see; serve, and respect
 him.

Dorax. See, serve and respect him, and after all my
 uncancell'd Wrongs, I must do this! But I forget my

Bend. Indeed you do.

Dorax. The Emp'r is a Stranger to my Wrongs; I
 will but tell my Story, to revoke this hard Commission.

Bend. Can you call me Friend, and think I cou'd neglect
 to speak, at full th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful
 Master?

Dorax. And yet enjoyn'd my Service, and Attendance?

Bend. And yet enjoyn'd 'em both; won'd that were
 possible: He screw'd his Face into a harden'd Smile, and said,
Sebastian knew to govern Slaves.

Dorax. Slaves are the Growth of *Africa*, not of *Europe*:
 Heav'n I will not lay down my Commission; not at
 his

his Foot, I will not stoop so low ; but if there be a Part in all his Face more Sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Bend. You may ; but then you lose all future Means of Vengeance on *Sebastian*, when no more Alcalde of this Fort.

Dorax. That Thought escap'd me.

Bend. Keep your Command ; and be reveng'd on both : Nor sooth your self ; you have no Pow'r t' affront him : The Emp'r's Love protects him from Insults : And he who spoke that proud, ill-natur'd Word, following the Bent of his impetuous Temper, may force your Recognition to *Sebastian* : Nay bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending Foot, that kick'd you from his Presence. But think not to divide their Punishment ; you cannot touch a Hair of loath'd *Sebastian*, while *Muley-Moluch* lives.

Dorax. What means this Riddle ?

Bend. 'Tis out : There needs no *Oedipus* to solve it : Our Emp'r is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated ; I scarce remember in his Reign, one Day pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head. He thinks the Sun is lost that sees no Blood : When none is shed we count it Holiday. We who are most in Favour, cannot call this Hour our own : ——— You know the younger Brother, mild *Muley*

Zeydan ———

Dorax. Hold, and let me think.

Bend. The Soldiers idolize you, he trusts you with the Castle, the Key of all his Kingdom.

Dorax. Well ; and he trusts you too.

Bend. Else I were mad, to hazard such a daring Enterprize.

Dorax. He trusts us both ; mark that ! Shall we betray him ? A Master who reposes Life and Empire on our Fidelity : I grant he is a Tyrant ; that hated Name my Nature most abhors ; more, as you say, has loaded me with Scorn : Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian*. Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge ; which but by this Revolt, I cannot compass : But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part to fawn and yet betray, I should be hiss'd and whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Bend.

Bend. Consider well what I have done for you.

Dorax. Consider thou what thou wou'd'st have me do.

Bend. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.

Dorax. And thou too little Faith to be a Fav'rite. Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st, thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure Indulgence of him thou wou'd'st destroy? And wou'd his Creature, nay his Friend betray him? Why then no Bond is left on human Kind: Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strife ensue; Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands; all must be Rapine, Wars, and Desolation, when Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

Bend. Well have you argued in your own Defence: You, who have burst asunder all those Bonds, and turn'd a Rebel to your native Prince.

Dorax. True, I rebell'd; but when did I betray? Indignities, which Man cou'd not support, provok'd my Vengeance to this noble Crime. But he had stripp'd me first of my Command, dismiss'd my Service, and absolv'd my Faith; and, with disdainful Language, dar'd my worst. I but accepted War, which he denounc'd. Else had you seen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*, with his couch'd Lance against your foremost Moons: Perhaps too turn'd the Fortune of the Day; made *Africk* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

Bend. Let me embrace thee.

Dorax. Stand off Sycophant, and keep Infection distant.

Bend. Brave and honest.

Dorax. In Spight of thy Temptations.

Bend. Call 'em Trials; they were no more: Thy Faith was held in Ballance, and nicely weigh'd by Jealousie of Pow'r: Vast was the Trust of such a Royal Charge; and our wise Emperor might justly fear *Sebastian* might be freed and reconcil'd, by new Obligements to thy former Love.

Dorax. I doubt thee still; thy Reasons were too strong, and driv'n too near the Head, to be but Artifice. And after all, I know thou art a Statesman, where Truth is rarely found.

Bend. Behold the Emperor!

D

Enter

Enter Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda.

Ask him, I beg thee to be justify'd, if he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul, and try the Footing, whether false or firm.

Dorax. Death to my Eyes, I see *Sebastian* with him! Must he be serv'd! Avoid him, if we meet: It must be like the Crush of Heav'n and Earth, t'involve us both in Ruin. [*Exit Dorax.*]

Bend. 'Twas a bare, saving Game I made with *Dorax*; but better so than lost; he cannot hurt me, that I precaution'd: I must ruin him. But now this Love; ay, there's the gath'ring Storm! The Tyrant must not wed *Almeyda*; no, that ruins all the Fabrick I am raising. Yet seeming to approve it, gave me Time, and gaining Time gains all.

Benducar goes and waits behind the Emperor. The Emperor, Sebastian and Almeyda advance to the Front of the Stage. Guards and Attendants.

Emp. (*To Seb.*) I had 'em serve you; and if they obey not, I keep my Lions keen within their Dens, to stop their Maws with disobedient Slaves.

Seb. If I had conquer'd, they cou'd not have with more Observance waited: Their Eyes, Hands, Feet, are all so quick, they seem t' have but one Motion, to catch my flying Words. Only the *Alcayde* shuns me; and, with a grim Civility, bows, and declines my Walks.

Emp. A Renegade! I know not more of him; but that he's brave, and hates your Christian Sect. If you can frame a farther Wish, give Wing to your Desires, and name the Thing you Want.

Sebast. My Liberty: For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison, still I shou'd long to leap the chrystal Walls.

Emp. Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted: In former Beings; or, struck out together, one Spark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal*; Expect a quick Deliverance. (*Turning to Alm.*) Here's a Third, of Kindred Soul

to both : Pity our Stars have made us Foes ! I shou'd not wish her Death.

Alm. I ask no Pity ; if I thought my Soul of Kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my Heart-strings, and tear out that Alliance : But thou Viper hast cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature, and through her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way, through thy own Blood to Empire.

Emp. This again : — And yet she lives ; and only lives t' upbraid me.

Sebast. What Honour is there in a Woman's Death ! Wrong'd as she says, but helpless to Revenge ; strong in her Passion, impotent of Reason, too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd. Mark her Majestick Fabrick ; she's a Temple sacred by Birth, and built by Hands Divine ; her Soul's the Deity, that lodges there : Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Emp. She's all that thou can'st say, or I can think. But the Perverseness of her clam'rous Tongue strikes Pity Deaf.

Seb. Then only hear her Eyes ; though they are Mute they Plead ; nay more, Command ; for beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power. All Females have Prerogative of Sex, the Shes ev'n of the salvage Herd are safe ; and when they Snarl or Bite, have no Return but Courtship from the Male.

Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Maly-Moluch*, She's Mistress of unevitable Charms, for all but me ; nor am I exempt, but that — I know not what I was to say — but I am too obnoxious to my Friends ; and sway'd by your Advice.

Sebast. Sir, I advis'd not. By Heav'n, I never counsell'd Love, but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didst : Deny it not, thou didst : For what was all that Prodigality of Praise, but to enflame me ? — —

Sebast. Sir, —

Emp. No more : Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man so ruin'd by himself ! [*Aside.*

Alm. Thy Love ; that odious Mouth was never fram'd to speak a Word so soft : Name Death again, for that thou can'st

can'st pronounce with horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant. Love is for human Hearts, and not for thine, where the brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

Emper. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love, and grapple, and compel their savage Dames. — Mark my Sebastian, how that fullen Frown, (*she frowns.*) like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heaven; and while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no Love.

Seb. No Sir, I said so; and I witness for you, not Love, but noble Pity mov'd your Mind: Int'rest might urge you too to save her Life; for those who with her Party lost might murmur at shedding Royal Blood.

Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me; Int'rest of State requires not Death, but Marriage; t' unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

Seb. Let me be dumb for ever; all I plead, like Wild-fire thrown against the Wind, returns with double Force to burn me. [*Aside.*]

Emp. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe the Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed. —

Almeyda. Still thou dissemblest; but I read thy Heart, and know the Power of my own Charms; thou lov'st, and I am pleas'd for my Revenge thou dost.

Emp. And thou hast Cause.

Alm. I have; for I have Pow'r to make thee wretched. Be sure I will, and yet despair of Freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love, — and 'tis below my Greatness to disown it: Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too; wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun, through the parch'd Desarts, and the scorching Sands, t'enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a false Courage, when thou threat'nest me; thou canst not stir a Hand to touch my Life: Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st? Lay by the Lions Hide, vain Conqueror, and take the Distaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.

Emp. Confusion! How thou viewest my very Heart! I cou'd as soon stop a Spring-ride, blown in, with my bare Hand, as this imperious Love: — Yes, I will wed thee; in spite of thee, and of my self, I will.

Alm.

Alm. For what? To People *Afric* with new Monsters, which that unnatural Mixture must produce? No, were we joyn'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death, our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile, the Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd, and my divided Fame shou'd break from thine.

Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poyson with thee; joyn Hate with Hate, add Venom to the Birth; our Off-spring, like the Seed of Dragons Teeth, shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death.

Alm. I'm calm again; thou canst not marry me.

Emp. As Gleams of Sun-shine soften Storms to Show'rs; so, if you smile, the Loudness of my Rage in gentle Whispers shall return, but ——— this, that nothing can divert my Love, but Death.

Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Christian; 'tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief, Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with Ease: Those Fruits come late, and are of slow Increase in haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy self if this one Word destroy not thy Designs: Thy Law permits the not to marry me.

Emp. 'Tis but a specious Tale, to blast my Hopes, and assuage my Pretensions. Speak, *Sebastian*, and, as a King, speak true.

Sebast. Then, thus adjur'd, on a King's Word 'tis Truth, but Truth ill tim'd; for her dear Life is now expos'd anew; unless you wholly can put on Divinity, and graciously forgive.

Alm. Now learn by this, the little Value I have left for life; and trouble me no more.

Emp. I thank thee Woman; thou hast restor'd me, to my native Rage; and I will seize my Happiness by Force.

Sebast. Know, *Muley-Moluch*, when thou dar'st attempt —

Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to use a Conqueror's Right, and therefore charge thy Silence: If thou wou'd'st merit to be thought my Friend, I leave thee to persuade her to Compliance: If not, there's a new Gust of Ravishment, which I have never try'd.

Bend. They must be watch'd; for something I observ'd creates a Doubt.

[*aside.*

[*Exeunt Emperor and Benducar.*

Seb. I've been too tame, have basely born my Wrongs, and not exerted all the King, within me: I heard him, O sweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape; nay insolently urg'd me to perswade thee, ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes, for whom I suffer Life, and drag this Being.

Alm. You turn my Prison to a Paradise, but I have turn'd your Empire to a Prison: In all your Wars good Fortune flew before you, sublime you sat in Triumph on her Wheel; till in my fatal Cause, your Sword was drawn, the Weight of my Misfortunes drag'd you down.

Seb. And is't not strange, that Heav'n shou'd bless my Arms in common Causes, and desert the best? Now in your greatest, last Extremity, when I wou'd aid you most, and most desire it, I bring but Sighs, the Succours of a Slave.

Alm. Leave then the Luggage of your Fate behind, to make your Flight more easy; leave *Almeyda*. Nor think me left a base, ignoble Prey, expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's Lust; my Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength, and Death, my last Defence within my Call.

Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come; Tyrants can tie him up from your Relief: Nor has a Christian Privilege to die. Alas! Thou art too young in thy new Faith; *Brutus* and *Cato* might discharge their Souls, and give 'em Furlo's for another World: But we, like Centries, are oblig'd to stand in Starless Nights, and wait th' appointed Hour.

Alm. If shunning Ill be Good, then Death is good to those who cannot shun it but by Death: Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds, and draw the distant Landshape as they please: But, who has e're return'd from those bright Regions, to tell their Manners, and relate their Laws? I'll venture landing on that happy Shoar, with an unfully'd Body, and white Mind: If I have err'd, some kind Inhabitant will pity a stray'd Soul, and take me home.

Seb. Beware of Death, thou can'st not die unperjur'd, and leave an unaccomplish'd Love behind: Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my Claim; the Tie of Minds are but imperfect Bonds, unless the Bodies joyn to seal the Contract.

Alm.

Alm. What Joys can you possess or can I give? Where Groans of Death succeed the Sighs of Love. Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe? but muffled up in Mourning, downwards holds his dropping Torch, extinguished With Tears.

Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it with his ethereal Breath.

Alm. 'Tis late to joyn, when we must part so soon.

Seb. Nay rather let us haste it, e're we part: Our Souls, for Want of that Acquaintance here, may wander in the starry Walks above, and, forc'd on worse Companions, miss our selves.

Alm. The Tyrant will not long be absent hence, and soon I shall be ravish'd from your Arms.

Seb. Wilt thou thy self become the greater Tyrant, and give not Love, while thou hast Love to give? In dangerous Days, when Riches are a Crime, the Wise betimes make over their Estates: Make o'er thy Honour, by a Deed of Trust, and give me a Seizure of the mighty Wealth.

Alm. What shall I do! O teach me to refuse! I wou'd, and yet I tremble at the Grant. For dire Presages fright my Soul by Day, and boding Visions haunt my Nightly Dreams: Sometimes, methinks, I hear the Groans of Ghosts; thin, hollow Sounds, and lamentable Screams: then, like a dying Echo, from afar, my Mothers Voice, that cries, Wed not *Almeyda*: Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.

Seb. Some envious *Demon*, to delude our Joys. "Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love."

Alm. "Mine is a Flame so Holy, and so clear, that the white Taper leaves no Soot behind; no Smoak of Lust but chaste as Sisters Love, when coldly they return a Brothers Kiss, without the Zeal that meets at Lovers Mouths."

Seb. Laugh then at fond Presages; I had some fam'd *Nesstradamus*, when he took my Horoscope, foretold my Father I shou'd Wed with Incest: E're this unhappy War my Mother died; and Sisters I had none; vain Augury! A long Religious Life, a Holy Age, my Stars assign'd me too; impossible. For how can Incest suit with Holiness, or Priestly Orders with a Princely State?

Alm.

Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez* ! — (sighing.)

Seb. But why that Sigh, in naming that good Man?

Alm. Your Father's Counsellor and Confident —

Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my second Father :

Alm. Mark'd our Farewel, when going to the Fight you gave *Almeyda* for the Word of Battle; 'twas in that fatal Moment, he discover'd the Love that long we labour'd to conceal. I know it; though my Eyes stood full of Tears, yet, through the Mist, I saw him stedfast gaze: Then knock'd his Aged Breast, and inward groan'd; like some sad Prophet, that foresaw the Doom of those whom best he lov'd, and cou'd not save.

Seb. It startles me! And brings to my Remembrance, that, when the Shock of Battle was begun, he wou'd have much complain'd (but had not Time) of our Passion; then, with lifted Hands, he beg'd me, by my Fathers Sacred Soul, not to espouse you, if he dy'd in Fight: For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors, he had such Things to urge against our Marriage, as now declar'd, wou'd blunt my Sword in Battle; and dastardize my Courage.

Alm. My Blood cruddles; and cakes about my Heart.

Seb. I'll breath a Sigh, so warm into thy Bosom, shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not thou art a Christian; that produc'd his Fear: Lest thou shoud'st sooth my Soul with Charms so strong, that Heaven might prove too weak.

Alm. There must be more: This cou'd not blunt your Sword.

Seb. Yes, if I drew it with a curst Intent, to take a Misbeliever to my Bed; it must be so.

Alm. Yet —

Seb. No, thou shalt not plead with that fair Mouth, against the Cause of Love. Within this Castle is a Captive Priest, my Holy Confessor, whose free Access not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd; this happy Hour his Hands shall make us one.

Alm. I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides, To lead my Way: Half loth and half consenting. If, as my Soul fore-bodes, some dire Event pursue this Union,
or

For some Crime unknown, forgive me Heav'n ; and all ye
Blest above, excuse the Frailty of unbounded Love.

[*Exeant Ambo.*]

SCENE II.

*suppos'd a Garden ; with Lodging Rooms behind it ; or on
the Sides.*

*Enter Musti ; Antonio as a Slave ; and Johayma the
Musti's Wife.*

Musti. **A**ND how do you like him, look upon him
well ; he's a personable Fellow of a Christian
Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner : Ha !
What say'st thou *Johayma* ?

Johayma. He may make a shift to sow Lettice, raise
Melons, and water a Garden-plat. But otherwise a very
Unlucky Fellow ; how odiously he smells of his Country
Garlick ! Fugh, how he stinks of *Spain*.

Musti. Why Honey Bird I bought him a purpose for
Thee ; didst not thou say thou long'dst for a Christian
Slave ?

Joh. Ah, but the Sight of that loathsome Creature has al-
most cur'd me ; and how can I tell that's he's a Christian ?
And he were well search'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I
know. And besides I have always long'd for an Eunuch ;
for they say that's a Civil Creature, and almost as harmless
as your self Husband : Speak Fellow, are not you such a
kind of peaceable thing ?

Ant. I was taken for one in my own Country ; and not
very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

Musti. To your Occupation, Dog ; bind up the Jessamines
in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning Knife with Dex-
terity ; tightly I say, go tightly to your Business ; you
have cost me much ; and must earn it in your Work ;
here's plentiful Provision for you, Rascal, Sallating in the
Garden, and Water in the Tanck, and on Holydays the
Licking of a Platter of Rice, when you deserve it.

Joh.

Joh. What have you been bred up to, Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my Service?

Antonio making Legs.

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Lady's Service. I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and Fan your Ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot: In fine, no Service either by Day or by Night, shall come amiss to me; and besides, I am of so quick an Apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any Time, to make me understand my Duty.

[She winks at him.]

Anton. Very fine, she has tipt the Wink already.

[Aside.]

Joh. The Whelp may come to something in time, when I have enter'd him into his Business.

Muf. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning; you must be taught your Distance Sirrah.

(Strikes him.)

Joh. Hold, hold. —

He has deserv'd it I confess; but for once let his Ignorance plead his Pardon; we must not discourage a Beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beasts: Here you filthy Brute You: — Take this little Alms, to buy you Plaisters.

(Gives him a piece of Money.)

Ant. Money and a Love-pinch in the Inside of my Palm into the Bargain.

[Aside.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Benducar is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

Muf. Come in *Johayma*, regulate the rest of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his Work.

Joh. Look how stupidly he stares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I shall teach you Sirrah to know your Business, a little better. — this Way, you awkward Rascal, here lyes the Arbour, must I be shewing you eternally?

[turning him about.]

Muf.

Muf. Come away Minion; you fhew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbor, where a Rose-tree and a Myrtle are juft falling, for want of a Prop; if they were bound together, they wou'd help to keep up one another: ——— He's a raw Gardener, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muf. No more Deeds of Charity to Day; come in, or I fhall think you a little better dispos'd than I cou'd wifh you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Pafior.

Muf. So you may caft a Sheep's Eye behind you: In before me. And you, Sawcinefs, mind your pruning Knife; or may chance to ufe it for you.

[*Exeunt Mufti and Johayma.*]

Ant. (*alone.*) Thank you for that; but I am in no fuch Haste to be made a Mufulman. For his Wedlock, with all her Haughtinefs, I find her coming. How far a Chriftian fhould refift, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Chriftian fhould refift, is another Queftion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily Neceffity: Now have I a ftrange Temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Woman's Apartment I am fure; and if thefe Birds are within Difance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*Pulls out his Flute.*) If there be Variety of Moors-flef in this Holy Market, 'twere Madnefs to lay out all my Money upon the firft Bargain.

[*He plays.*]

A Gate opens, and Morayma, the Mufti's Daughter, appears at it.

Anton. Ay, there's an Apparition! This is a Morfel worthy of a Mufti: This is the relifhing Bit in Secret; this is the Miftery of his *Alcoran*, that muft be referv'd from the Knowledge of the profane Vulgar. This is his Holy-day Devotion: See, fhe beckons too. [*She beckons to him.*]

Morayma.

Muf.

Morayma. Come a little nearer, and speak softly:

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee; the least Twinkle had brought me to thee; such another kind Syllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor, and draw me up to the

Mor. I dare not speak, for Fear of being over-heard; but if you think my Person worth your Hazard, and can deserve my Love — the rest this Note shall tell you —

[*Throws down a Handkerchief.*] No more; my Heart goes with you. [*Exit from the Grave*]

Antonio. O thou pretty little Heart; art thou flown hither; I'll keep it warm, I'll warrant it, and brood upon it in the new Nest: But now for my Treasure-trove that's wrapt up in the Handkerchief: No Peeping here, tho' I long to be Spelling her *Arabick* Scrawls and *Poet* Hooks. But I must carry off my Prize, as Robbers do, and not think of sharing the Booty, before I am free from Danger, and out of Eye-shot from the other Window. If her Wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer Dough to these: Inferiour white Earth, meer Tobacco-pipe Clay; with no more Soul and Motion in 'em, than a Fly in Winter.

*Here the warm Planet ripens, and sublimes
The well-bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our Cupid's but a Bungler in his Trade,
His keenest Arrows are in Africk made.*

[*Exit Antonio*]

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Terrace-Walk; or some other publick Place
in the Castle of Alcazar.*

Emperor Muley-Moluch, and B:nducar.

Emper. **M**Arry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis Imposture:
Improbable they shou'd presume t'attempt;
Impossible they shou'd effect their Wish.

Bend. Have Patience 'till I clear it.

Emp. I have none: "Go bid our moving Plains of
Sand lie still, and stir not, when the stormy South
blows high: From Top to Bottom thou hast toss'd my
Soul; and now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl, re-
quir'st a sudden Stop?" Unsay thy Lye; that may in
Time do somewhat.

Bend. I have done: For, since it pleases you it shou'd
be forg'd, 'tis fit it shou'd. Far be it from your Slave,
to raise Disturbance in your sacred Breast.

Emp. *Sebastian* is my Slave as well as thou; nor durst
offend my Love by that Presumption.

Bend. Most sure he ought not.

Emp. Then all Means were wanting; no Priest, no
Ceremonies of their Sect; or, grant we, these Defects cou'd
be supply'd, how cou'd our Prophet do an Act so base, so
to resume his Gifts, and curse my Conquests, by making
me unhappy! No, the Slave that told thee so absurd a
Story, ly'd.

Bend. Yet, 'till this Moment I have found him faith-
ful: He said, he saw it too.

Emp. Dispatch: What saw he?

Bend. Truth is, considering with what Earnestness
Sebastian pleaded for *Almeyda's* Life, inhauc'd her Beauty,
dwell'd upon her Praise,

E

Emp.

Emp. O stupid, and unthinking as I was! I might have mark'd it too: 'Twas gross and palpable!

Bend. Methought I trac'd a Lover ill disguis'd; and sent my Spy (a sharp, observing Slave) t'inform me better, if I guess'd aright. He told me, that he saw *Sebastian's* Page run 'cross the Marble Square, who soon return'd; and after him there lag'd a puffing Fryar; close wrapp'd he bore some secret Instrument of Christian Superstition in his Hand: My Servant follow'd fast, and (thro' a Chink) perceiv'd the Royal Captives Hand in Hand; and heard the hooded Father mumbling Charms, that make those Misbelievers Man and Wife: Which done, the Spouses kiss'd with such a Fervour, and gave such furious Earnest of their Flames, that their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood flew flushing o'er their Faces,

Emp. Hell confound 'em!

Bend. The Reverend Father, with a Holy Leer, saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew: This forc'd my Servant to a quick Retreat, for Fear to be discover'd: Guess the rest.

Emp. I do: My Fancy is too exquisite, and tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss. Some Earthquake shou'd have ris'n, and rent the Ground, have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride in Agony of unaccomplish'd Love.

[*Walks disorderly.*]

Enter the Musli.

Bend. (Aside.) In an unlucky Hour that Fool intrudes; raw in this great Affair, and uninstructed how to stem the Tide. [*Coming up to the Musli, aside.*] The Emp'r's must not marry, nor enjoy: Keep to that Point; stand firm, for All's at Stake.

Emper. seeing him. You, Drudgerman of Heaven, must I attend your droaning Prayers? Why came you not before? Do'st thou not know the Captive King has dar'd to wed *Almeyda*? Cancel me that Marriage, and make her mine: About the Business, quick; expound thy *Mahomet*, make him speak my Sense, or he's no Prophet here; and thou

thou no *Musti*, unless thou know'st the Trick of thy Vocation, to wrest and rend the Law to please thy Prince.

Musti. Why, verily the Law is monstrous plain: There's not one doubtful Text in all the *Alchoran*, which can be wrench'd in Favour to your Project.

Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some By-Place, of some old rotten Roll: Do't, I command thee: Must I teach thee thy Trade?

Musti. It cannot be: For Matrimony being the dearest Point of Law, the People have it all by Heart. A Cheat on Procreation will not pass. Besides th' Offence is so exorbitant, [*In a higher Tone*] to mingle with a misbelieving Race, that speedy Vengeance wou'd pursue your Crime; and holy *Mahomet* launch himself from Heav'n, before th' unready Thunderbolt were form'd.

The Emperor taking him by the Throat with one Hand, snatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breast.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this Pomp and Pow'r, to preach against my Will? Know, I am Law; and thou, not *Mahomet*'s Messenger, but mine: Make it, I charge thee, make my Pleasure lawful: Or first I strip thee of thy Ghostly Greatness, then send thee post, to tell thy Tale above; and bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet, of Justice done below, for Disobedience.

Musti. For Heaven's Sake hold, the Respite of a Moment, to think for you.

Emp. And for thy self. —

Musti. For both.

Bend. Disgrace, and Death, and Avarice have lost him! [*Aside.*]

Musti. 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Christian; but it forbids you not to ravish her. You have a Conqueror's Right upon your Slave; and then, the more Despight you do a Christian, you serve the Prophet more, who loaths that Sect.

Emp. Oh, now it mends; and you talk Reason, *Musti*! But stay! I promis'd Freedom to *Sebastian*: Now shou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul wou'd ne'er forgive his violared Bed.

Musti. Kill him, for then you give him Liberty: His Soul is from his earthly Prison freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince, who has a Churchman so learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws.

Bend. Two Things I humbly offer to your Prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my Love.

Bend. First, since our Holy Man has made Rape lawful, fright her with that: Proceed not yet to Force: Why shou'd you pluck the green, distasteful Fruit from the unwilling Bough, when it may ripen of it self and fall?

Emp. Grant her a Day; tho' that's too much to give, out of a Life which I devote to love.

Bend. Then next, to bar all future Hopes of her desir'd *Sebastian*, let *Dorax* be enjoin'd to bring his Head.

Emperor. [To the *Musti*.] Go *Musti*, call him to receive his Orders. [Exit *Musti*.]

I take thy Counsel; her Desires new rous'd, and yet unflak'd, will kindle in her Fancy, and make her eager to renew the Feast.

Bend. [Aside.] *Dorax*, I know before, will disobey: There's a Foe's Head well cropt. — But this hot Love precipitates my Plot; and brings it to Projection e'er its Time.

Enter Sebastian and Almeyda, Hand in Hand; upon Sight of the Emperor, they separate, and seem disturb'd.

Almeyda. He breaks, at unawares, upon our Walks, and (like a Mid-night Wolf) invades the Fold: Make speedy Preparation of your Soul, and bid it arm apace: He comes for Answer; and brutal Mischief sits upon his Brow.

Sebast. Not the last Sounding cou'd surprize me more, that summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom, when call'd in Haste, they fumble for their Limbs, and tremble unprovided for their Charge. My Sense has been so deeply

ply plung'd in Joys, the Soul out-slept her Hott; and,
force awake, wou'd think too late, and cannot! But
ave Minds at worst can dare their Fate. —

Emperor coming up to them.

Emp. Have you perform'd your Embassy, and treated
with Success?

Sebast. I had not Time.

Emp. No, not for my Affairs; but for your own too
much.

Sebast. You talk in Clouds; explain your Meaning, Sir:

Emp. Explain yours first: What meant you Hand in
and; and when you saw me, with a guilty Start, you
pos'd your Hold, affrighted at my Presence?

Seb. Affrighted?

Emp. Yes, astonish'd, and confounded.

Seb. What mak'st thou of thy self, and what of me?
rt thou some Ghost, some Demon, or some God, that
thou'd stand astonish'd at thy Sight? If thou cou'dst deem
meanly of my Courage, why did'st thou not engage
e Man for Man, and try the Virtue of that Gorgon
face, to stare me into Statue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd; but by Heav'n
ou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpriz'd at unexpected
seness brought to Light. For know, ungrateful Man,
at Kings, like Gods, are every where; walk in th'Abyss
of Minds, and view the dark Recesses of the Soul.

Seb. Base and ungrateful, never was I thought; nor
ill this Turn of Fate, durst thou have call'd me so: But
nce thou boasts th'Omniscience of a God, say, in what
anny of *Sebastian's* Soul, unknown to me, so loath'd a
crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou hast not broke my Trust repos'd in thee?

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that False-
hood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda*?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'st the Usurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the Face of Heav'n and thee ; no Usurpation, but a lawful Claim, of which I stand possess'd.

Emp. Sh' has chosen well, betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Almeyda. Betwixt a Monster and the best of Men. He was the Envy of his neigh'ring Kings ? For him the fighting Queens despis'd their Lords, and Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd. To share his noble Chain is more to me, than all the salvage Greatness of the Throne.

Seb. Where I to choose again, and knew my Fate, for such a Night I wou'd be what I am. The Joys I have possess'd are ever mine ; out of thy Reach behind Eternity hid in the sacred Treasure of the past ; but bless'd Remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but Hours to live : a mighty Purchase of a boasted Bliss ! To dream of what thou had'st one fugitive Night and never shalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a Moment ; — we shall be one again in thy Despight : Life is but Air that yields a Passage to the whistling Sword, and close when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die, than close embrac'd, sucking each others Souls while we expire ? which so transfus'd, and mounting both at once, the Saints deceiv'd shall by a sweet Mistake, hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwist you : I have occasion for you. Stay on Earth : Let him mount first, and beat upon the Wing, and wait an Age for what I here detain. Or sick at immortal Joys above, and languish for the Heav'n left below.

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has join'd?

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten Link and rivet one to last. Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong ? Why lingers Dorax thus ? Where are my Guards, [*Benducar goes out for the Guards, and returns.*] To drag that Slave to Death ? (*Pointing to Sebast.*) No Storm and Rage, call vainly on thy Prophet, then demand him for wanting Power to save thee.

Seb. That were to gratify thy Pride : I'll shew thee how a Man shou'd, and how a King dare die : So even, that my Soul shall walk with Ease out of its Flesh, and shut out Life as calmly as it does Words ; without a Sigh, to note one Struggle in the smooth dissolving Frame.

Alm. (*To the Emperor.*) Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhuman Wretch ; nor hope t' ascend *Sebastian's* Holy Bed. Flames, Daggers, Poysons, guard the sacred Steps : Those are the promis'd Pleasures of my Love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me. Or me, if I design'd to give you Pleasure ; I seek my own, and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a speedy Death, and set my Soul at Ease.

Alm. I charge you hold, ye Ministers of Death ; speak my *Sebastian* ; Plead for thy Life ; Oh ask it of the Tyrant ; 'tis no dishonour, trust me, Love, 'tis none : I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead ; my haughty Heart disdains it, ev'n for thee. Still silent ! Will the King of Portugal go to his Death, like a dumb Sacrifice ? Beg him to save my Life in saving thine.

Seb. Farewel, my Life's not worth another Word.

Emp. (*To the Guards.*) Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my Farewel too : Farewel the Greatness of *Almeyda's* Soul ! Look, Tyrant, what Excess of Love can do ; it pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet ; (*Kneels to him.*) Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands, which blister when they touch thee : Yet ev'n thus, thus far I can to save *Sebastian's* Life.

Emp. A secret Pleasure trickles through my Veins : It works about the Inlets of my Soul, to feel thy touch ; and Pity tempts the Pass ; but the tough Metal of my Heart resists ; 'tis warm'd with the soft Fire, not melted down.

Alm. A Flood of scalding Tears will make it run, spare him, Oh spare ; can you pretend to Love, and have no Pity ? Love and that are Twins. Here will I grow ; thus compass

compass you with these supplanting Cords, and pull so long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still Kneel, and still Embrace; 'tis double Pleasure so to be hugg'd, and see *Sebastian* die.

Alm. Look Tyrant, when thou nam'st *Sebastian's* Death; thy very Executioners turn Pale, rough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade of Death, they start at an anointed Head; and tremble to Approach: — He hears me not; nor mindsth' Impression of a God on Kings; because no Stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul: But the resisting Mass drove back the Seal. Say, though thy Heart be Rock of Adamant, yet Rocks are not Impregnable to Bribes: Instruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy Price; lo, I resign my Title to the Crown; send me to Exile with the Man I Love, and Banishment is Empire.

Emp. Here's my Claim; (*Clapping his Hand to his Sword.*) And thus he extinguish'd thine; thou givest me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mother's, Brother's Death I pardon; That's somewhat sure; a mighty Sum of Murther of innocent and kindred Blood struck off. My Prayers and Penance shall discount for these, and beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me: Behold what Price I offer, and how dear to buy *Sebastian's* Life.

Emp. Let after Reck'nings trouble fearful Fools; I'll stand the Tryal of those trivial Crimes: But, since thou beg'st me to prescribe my Terms, the only I can offer are thy Love; and this one Day of Respite to resolve. Grant or deny, for thy next Word is Fate, and Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. (*Rising up*) May Heav'n be so at thy last Breath to thine: I curse thee not, for who can better curse, the Plague or Devil, than to be what they are? That Curse be thine. Now, do not speak *Sebastian*, for you need not, but dye, for I resign your Life: Look Heav'n, *Almeyda* dooms her dear *Sebastian's* Detrah! But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt; the Skies are hush'd; no grumbling Thunders roul: Now take your swing, ye impious; Sin unpunish'd; eternal Providence seems overwatch'd, and with a slumb'ring Nod, assents to Murther.

Enter

Enter Dorax attended by three Soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a Tortoise Pace to my Relief. Take hence that, once a King; that sullen Pride, that swells to Dumbness; lay him in the Dungeon, and sink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd, he shall not groan to hearing, when I send the next Commands are Death.

Alm. Then Prayers are as vain Curses.

Emp. Much at one in a Slave's Mouth, against a March's Pow'r. This Day thou hast to think; at Night, thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly; then I'll provoke thy Lips, lay Siege so close, that all thy fallying breath shall turn to Blessings. Make Haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my last Sebastian! I do not beg, I challenge Justice now; O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar care, why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative? Now flash him dead, now crumble him to Ashes; or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace; and look not idly out upon a World that is no longer yours.

He is carry'd off Struggling; the Emperor and Benducar follow. Sebastian struggles in his Guards Arms, and shakes off one of them; but two others come in, and hold him: He speaks not all the while.

Dor. (*Aside.*) I find I'm but a half-strain'd Villain yet; but Mungril-mischievous; for my Blood boil'd, to view this brutal Act; and my stern Soul tugg'd at my Arm, to draw in her Defence. Down thou rebelling Christian in my Heart; redeem thy Fame on this Sebastian first; then think on others Wrongs, when thine are righted.

[*Walks a Turn.*

But how to right 'em? On a Slave disarm'd, defenceless, and submitted to my Rage? A base Revenge is Vengeance on my self? [*Walks again.*] I have it; and I thank thee, honest Head, thus present to me at my great Necessity: —

[*Comes up to Sebastian.*

You know me not?

Sebast.

Sebast. I hear Men call thee *Dorax*.

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once : You speak too ; you were struck mute before.

Sebast. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine : ——— Dispatch thy Work to a good Executioner.

Dor. None of my Blood were Hangmen ; add the Falshood to a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a Reck'ning.

Dor. A greater Sum, perhaps, than you can pay. Meantime, I shall make bold t'increase your Debt.

[Gives him his Sword.

Take this, and use it at your greatest Need.

Seb. This Hand and this, have been acquainted well (Looks on it.) It shou'd have come before into my Grasp to kill the Ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the Tyrant's Orders : Guard thy Life when 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm still without thy Meaning ; but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask Thanks ; thank me with that.

Seb. Such surly Kindness did I never see !

(*Dorax to the Captain of his Guard.*)

Muza, draw out a File, pick Man by Man, such will dare Die, and Dear will Sell their Death. Guard him with the utmost ; now conduct him hence, and treat him as my Person.

Seb. Something like. That Voice methinks I should have somewhere heard : But Floods of Woes have hurry'd me far off ; beyond my Kenn of Soul.

[*Exit. Sebastian with the Soldiers.*

Dor. [*Solus.*] But I shall bring him back again, ungrateful Man, I shall, and set him full before thy Sight, when I shall front thee, like some staring Ghost, with all my Wrongs about me. ——— What so soon return'd ? — This Haunting is Boding.

Enter

King of PORTUGAL:

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Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, and Musti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious; and loud,
as like *Bacchus*, born in Thunder. Be quick, ye false
Physicians of my Mind, bring speedy Death or Cure.

Bend. What can be counsell'd while *Sebastian* lives? The
he will cling, while the tall Poplar stands: But that
down, creeps to the next Support, and twines as closely
re.

Emp. That's done with Ease, I speak him Dead: Proceed.

Musi. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next, that
Civil Wars may cease; this gains the Crowd; then you
safely force her to your Will: For People side with
plence and Injustice, when done for publick Good.

Emp. Preach thou that Doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreasonable Fool has broach'd a Truth that
fits my Hopes; but since 'tis gone so far, he shall di-
ge *Almeyda* is a Christian: If that produce no Tumult
espair. [Aside.

Emp. Why speaks not *Dorax*?

Dor. Because my Soul abhors to mix with him. Sir,
me bluntly say, you went too far, to trust the preach-
ing Pow'r on State Affairs, to him or any Heavenly De-
agogue. 'Tis a Limb lopt from your Prerogative, and
much of Heav'n's Image blotted from you.

Musi. Sure thou hast never heard of Holy Men (so Chri-
ans call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs; such as in *Spain*,
Albornoz; in *England*, *Woolsey*; match me these
th Laymen.

Dor. How you Triumph in One or Two of these, born
be Statesmen, hap'ning to be Church-men: Thou call'st
n Holy; so their Function was; but tell me, *Musti*,
which of 'em were Saints? Next, Sir, to you; the Sum
all is this; since he claims Pow'r from Heav'n, and
t from Kings, when 'tis his Int'rest, he can Int'rest
av'n to preach you down; and Ages oft depend on
ours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

Emp. I'll trust his Preaching while I rule his Pay. And
dare trust my *Africans*, to hear whatever he dare Preach.

Dor:

Dor. You know 'em not. The Genius of your *Mos* is Mutiny; they scarcely want a Guide to move the Madness: Prompt to Rebel on every weak Pretence, Blushing when courted, Crouching when oppress'd, Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World, Restless in Change and perjur'd to a Proverb. They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense; a good luxurious, palatable Faith. The Vice and Godliness, prepos't'rous Pair, ride Cheek by Jowl but Churchmen hold the Reins. And when e're Kings wou'd lower Clergy Greatness, they learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have, and whose the Subjects are; the *Mus* knows it; nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt two.

Emp. No more; what e're he said, was by Command.

Dor. Why then no more, since you will hear no more some Kings are resolute to their own Ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd obey your Orders, and dispatch *Sebastian*.

Dor. Trust my Revenge; be sure I wish him Dead.

Emp. What mean'st thou! what's thy Wishing to my Will; dispatch him, rid me of the Man I loath.

Dor. I hear you, Sir; I'll take my Time and do't —

Emp. Thy Time? what's all thy Time; what's thy whole Life to my one Hour of Ease? no more Replies, but see thou do'st it; Or —

Dor. Choak in that Threat: I can say Or, as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well; I see my Words have no Effect, but may send a Message to dispose you. [*Is going*]

Dor. Expect an Answer worthy of that Message.

Mus. The Prophet ow'd him this: And thank'd he Heaven, he has it. [*Alone*]

Bend. By Holy *Alba*, I conjure you stay, and judge not rashly of so brave a Man.

[*Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him*]
I'll give you Reasons why he cannot execute your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Mus. *Benducar* is a Fool to bring him off, I'll work my own Revenge, and speedily. [*Alone*]

Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers Hearts are his; a thousand Christian Slaves are in the Castle, which he can free all
reinforce

enforce his Pow'r; your Troops far off, beleaguering *Lis-
sacche*, yet in the Christians Hands.

Emp. I grant all this; but grant me he must Die.

Bend. He shall, by Poyson: 'Tis here, the deadly Drug
prepar'd in Powder, hot as Hell-Fire: — Then, to pre-
vent his Soldiers from Rising, to Revenge their Gen'rals
Death, while he is struggling with his mortal Pangs, the
Rabble on the sudden may be rais'd to seize the Castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more; but clear your Brow; for he observes.
(They whisper again.)

Dor. What will the Fav'rite prop my falling Fortunes,
O Prodigy of Court! *[Aside.]*

Emperor and Benducar return to Dorax.

Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence; I
was too hasty to condemn unheard; and you, perhaps,
too prompt in your Replies. As far as fits the Majesty of
Kings, I ask Excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well

Emp. I know you did: This to our Love renew'd. —
[Emperor drinks,

Benducar, fill to Dorax.

[Benducar turns and mixes the Powder in it.]

Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have need to quench
our Heats; 'tis the King's Health *Benducar.* — *(He drinks.)*
And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere Poyson.

Bend. Another Bowl; for what the King has touch'd,
(Drinks off another Bowl.)

and you have pledg'd, is sacred to your Loves. —

Mus. Since Charity becomes my Calling, thus let me
provoke your Friendship: And Heav'n bless it, as I intend
it well. —

*Drinks; and turning aside, pours some Drops out of a little Vi-
al into the Bowl; then presents it to Dorax.*

Dor. Heav'n make thee Honest, on that Condition we
all soon be Friends. —

*(Drinks
Mus.)*

Muf. (Aside.) Yes, at our Meeting in another World; for thou hast drunk thy Passport out of this. Not the *Nacrian Fount*, nor *Lethe's-Lake*, could sooner numb thy nimble Faculties than this, to Sleep eternal.

Emp. Now farewell *Dorax*; this was our first Quarrel, and I dare Prophecy will prove our last.

Exit Emperor, with Benducar and the Musti.

Dor. It may be so: I'm strangely discompos'd; quick Shootings through my Limbs, and pricking Pains, Quilts at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves, Shiv'rings of Cold, and Burnings of my Entrails within my little World make medly War, lose and regain, beat and are beaten back; as momentary Victors quit their Ground. Can it be Poyson! Poyson's of one Tenor, or hot or cold; this neither and yet both. Some deadly Draught, some Enemy of Life boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul. Ingratitude's the Growth of ev'ry Clime; *As frick.* the Scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.

*Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot;
To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot.*

*Oh were that all! My honest Corps must lye
Expos'd to Scorn, and publick Infamy:
My shameful Death will be divulg'd alone,
The Worth and Honour of my Soul unknown.*

[Exit

SCENE II.

Is a Night Scene of the Musti's Garden, where an Arbour is discover'd.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. SHE names her self *Morayma*; the *Musti's* only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the Time and Place that she appointed in her Letter, yet she comes

not. Why, thou sweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy Delay! Dar'st thou be false to thy Assignation? What, in the Cool and Silence of the Night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for instructing thee so little in the sweetest Point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the Rustling of her Silk Mantle. Now she comes; now she comes; no, hang't, that was but the whistling of the Wind through the Orange-Trees. Now again, I hear the Pit a Pat of a pretty Foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken loose, and munching upon the Melons: — Oh the misery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en despair, go into my Armour, and try to Sleep; in a Dream I shall enjoy her in Despight of her.

[Goes into the Arbour and lyes down.]

Enter Johayma, wrapt up in a Moorish Mantle.

Job. Thus far my Love has carry'd me, almost without my Knowledge whither I w s going: Shall I go on, sh ll discover my self! — What an Injury am I doing to my old Husband! — Yet what Injury, since he's old, and has three Wives and six Concubines besides me! 'Tis but stealing my own Tythe from him.

[She comes a little nearer the Arbour.]

Antonio raising himself a little and looking.

At last 'tis she: This is no Illusion I am sure; 'tis a true She-devil of Flesh and Blood; and she cou'd never have taken a fitter Time to tempt me. —

Job. He's young and handsome. —

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank Nature. *[Aside.]*

Job. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: Sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st Pawn thy Maiden-head upon't e wonnot. *[Aside.]*

Job. The *Misti* wou'd Feast himself upon other Women and keep me Fasting.

Ant. O, the Holy Curmudgeon! *[Aside.]*

Joh. Wou'd Preach Abstinence, and Practice Luxury!
But I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his Example
than his Precept.

Anton. Most divinely argu'd; she's the best Casuist in
all *Africk*. [*Aside*.

[*He rushes out, and embraces her.*]

I can hold no longer from Embracing thee my dear *Morayma*: The old unconscionable Whorson thy Father, could he expect cold Chastity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh. What Nonsense do you talk? Do you take me for the *Musti's* Daughter?

Ant. Why are you not Madam?

[*Throwing off her Bannet.*

Joh. I find you had an Appointment with *Morayma*.

Ant. By all that's Good, the nauseous Wife. [*Aside*.

Joh. What you are confounded, and stand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonplust'd I confess; to hear you deny your Name so positively; why are not you *Morayma* the *Musti's* Daughter? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you? Were you not so charitable as to give me Money? Ay and to tread upon my Foot, and squeeze my Hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past Favours.

Joh. And you see I am come to make 'em good; but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Musti's* Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: But I am sure he is old enough to be your Father: And either Father, or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

Johayma. Once again, how came you to name *Morayma*?

Ant. Another damn'd Mistake of mine: For, asking one of my fellow Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the House; he answer'd me, *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but she it seems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your Mistress, if you please; for that's the Title I desire. This Moon-shine grows offensive to my Eyes, come, shall we walk into the Arbor? There we may rectify all Mistakes.

[*Ant.*

Ant. That's close and dark.

Job. And are those Faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please my self with the Sight of your Beauty.

Job. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a Breath of Air stirring.

Job. The Breath of Lovers is the sweetest Air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering, indeed, that if I am taken with you.

Job. The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Job. Just against the Face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

Job. You make so many Difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. (*aside.*) If *Morayms* comes and takes me in the Arbor with her, I have made a fine Exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Job. You are much fall'n off, let me tell you, from the Fury of your first Embrace.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the Transport of my Passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a Qualm of Conscience.

Job. Of Conscience! Why what has Conscience to do with two young Lovers that have Opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, Conscience is something to blame, for interposing in our Matters: But how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Master?

Job. There must be something more in it; for your Conscience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayms*.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter: For then I might have made you an honourable Amends by Marriage.

Job. You Christians are such pecking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moon-shine.

Ant. And you *Africans* are such Termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: Go back to your Chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for

this Night; as I will do on my Part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can, to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next Meeting, the sweet Devil may have more Power over me: I am true Flesh and Blood, I can tell you that for your Comfort.

Joh. Flesh without Blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy Cost, what Vengeance is in Store, for refusing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love: ——— Help, Help, there; will no Body come to my Assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? For Heaven's Sake Peace: Your Husband will hear you; think of your own Danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deserv'st no Pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I shall be ravish'd: The Villain will be too strong for me. Help, Help, for Pity of a poor distressed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but Impudence to assist me: I must drown her Clamor what e'er comes on't.

[*He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.*]

Enter the Musti in his Night-Gown, and two Servants.

Musti. O thou Villain, what horrible Impiety art thou committing? What, Ravishing the Wife of my Bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of such a Monster.

[*Servants seize him.*]

Ant. Mercy, dear Master, Mercy: Hear me first, and after, if I have deserved Hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this Cruelty?

Musti. I have heard the Out-cries of my Wife; the Bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: Seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the Lamb lie bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that Evidence sufficient of the Murther? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in Reason, Sir; is a Man to be put to Death for a Similitude? No Violence has been committed,

noir

none intended: The Lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and speak but Truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you. I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Joh. (aside.) I understand him; but I fear, 'tis now too late to save him; — Pray hear him Speak, Husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Musi. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honour?

Joh. I forgive him freely; for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me Satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam: I shall refuse no Drudgery.

Mus. But, did he mean no Mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Mus. 'Tis impossible: Then what meant all those Outcries?

Joh. I heard Musick in the Garden, and at an unreasonable Time of Night; and I stole softly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Mus. How's that *Johayma*? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my Lord? Am not I the Mistress of the Family? And is it not my Place to see good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the Servants to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his Arms, with such a Fury.

Mus. I have heard enough, away with him.

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my self, and cry'd aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I must say he started back as if I were some Serpent, and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Mus. O thou Corrupter of my Family, that's Cause enough of Death; once again, away with him.

Joh.

Joh. What, for an intended Trespass? No Harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred Crowns I take it. —

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum: He shall not die, tho' he had committed Folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only Fault has ever been to love playing in the Dark; and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd, that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortify your Flesh, and consider in whose Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. (*aside.*) For all her Smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousy; but I have thought of a Way that will clear my Doubts.

[*Exit Musli with Johayma and Servants.*]

Ant. I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly Counsel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience would have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected Condition, all over me; poor Sin lyes dormant, Concupiscence is retir'd to his winter Quarters; and if *Morayma* shou'd now appear, I say no more: But alas! For her and me!

[*Morayma comes out of the Arbour; she steals behind him, and claps him on the Back.*]

Morayma. And if *Morayma* shou'd appear, as she does appear, alas you say, for her and you!

Antonio. Art thou there, my sweet Temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my All!

Morayma. A mighty Complement, when all thes', by your own Confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, 'till thou cam'st to new create me; thou dost not know the Power of thy own Charms: Let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn Wicked.

Morayma

Morayma (stepping back.) Nay, if you are so dangerous, 'tis best keeping you at a Distance; I have no Mind to warm a frozen Snake in my Bosom; he may chance to recover, and Sting me for my Pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffer'd for thy Sake already; and make me some Amends: Two Disappointments in a Night, 'O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your self for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my Time, through the back Walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a fresh-water Soldier, stood guarding the Pass before: If you miss'd the Enemy, you may thank your own Dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using Stratagems, you shall give me Leave to make Use of my Advantages, now I have you in my Power: We are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no Quarter.

Mor. By your Favour, Sir, we meet upon Treaty now, and not upon Defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be Ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma*: Any Thing to serve you Madam; I shall refuse no Drudgery: Whose Words were those, Gentleman? Was that like a Cavalier of Honour.

Ant. Not very Heroick; but Self-Preservation is a Point above Honour and Religion too. ——— *Antonio* was a Rogue, I must confess; but you must give me Leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your Life so basely; and to present your Sword to your Enemy: Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my Fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud; but I shou'd never have heard the Blast: Come, don't make your self worse natur'd than you are: To save my Life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any Thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform Nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma*?

Mor. No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is Covetous: I must have all of you; Heart for Heart is an equal Truck. In short, I am younger; I think handsomer; and am sure I love you better; she has been my

my Step-Mother these fifteen Years: You think that's her Face you see, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard: She wears an Armour of Proof upon't, an Inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash: Her Face is so fortify'd that you can make no Approaches to it without a Shovel. But for her Constancy, I can tell you for your Comfort, she will Love 'till Death, I mean 'till yours: For when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another World, for Fear of telling Tales; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy Memory, in her Favours. She has made my pious Father a three-pil'd Cuckold to my Knowledge: And now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

Ant. Pristhee prevent her then; and at least take the Shearing of me first.

Mr. No; I'll have a Butcher's Pen'worth of you; first secure the Carcase, and then take the Fleece into the Bargain.

Ant. Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this Trouble, for a dry come-off: By this Hand —

[taking it.]

Mr. Which you shall never touch; but upon better Assurances than you imagine. *(Pulling her Hand away.)*

Ant. I'll Marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damn'd Intidel.

Mr. I mean you shall: But no Earnest, till the Bargain be made before Witnesses: There's Love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to; never doubt it, but all upon honourable Terms.

Ant. I vow and swear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mr. But never to be trust'd in any: He has another Name too, of a worse Sound. Shall I trust an Oath, when I see your Eyes languishing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your Heart throbbing; no, I'll not come near you: He's a foolish Physician who will feel the Pulse of a Patient that has the Plague-Spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet argue so perversely against so good a Cause! Come, pristhee let me anticipate a little of my Revenue,

Mr.

Mor. You wou'd feign be fing'ring your Rents before-hand; but that makes a Man an ill Husband ever after. Consider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you shall prove it; manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard Task on't, to make even at the Year's End, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian Intention, to revenge my self upon thy Father; for being the Head of a false Religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: But since you are so pressing, meet me under my Window, to morrow Night, Body for Body, about this Hour; I'll slip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my Hand.

Ant. How, thy Father!

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls and Jewels, his whole Contents, his Heart and Soul; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his *Alchoran*; that's Revenue enough for him; every Page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the Turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Postern-Gate, with two Horses ready saddled. No more, for I fear I may be miss'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me. — If you have Constancy and Courage —

Ant. Never doubt it; and Love in abundance, to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The Value of Twelve hundred thousand Crowns in a Casket! —

Ant. A heavy Burden, Heaven knows! But we must pray for Patience to support it.

Mor. Besides, a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you: — Come, I know you long to have a parting Blow with me; and therefore to shew I am in Charity — *(He kisses her.)*

Ant. Once more, for Pity; that I may keep the Flavour upon my Lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: And besides, I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have have him Fly: That's enough — but

but if you will be nibbling, here's a Hand to stay your Stomach.

(Kissing her Hand.)

Ant. Thus conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may cease,
Are forc'd to give their Hands, and sign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
If you release my Hand, the Fault's not mine;
You shou'd have made me Seal, as well as Sign.

*She runs off, he follows her to the Door; then
comes back again, and goes out at the other.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I. Benducar's Palace in the Castle of Alcazar.

Bend. **M**Y future Fate, the Colour of my Life, my
(*Solus.*) All depends on this important Hour: This
Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales, and Heav'n perhaps,
is doubting what to do. *Almeyda* and a Crown, have push'd
me forward; 'tis fix'd, the Tyrant must not Ravish her:
He and *Sebastian* stand betwixt my Hopes; he most; and
therefore first to be dispatch'd. These and a thousand
Things are to be done in the short Compass of this rowling
Night; and nothing yet perform'd, none of my Emissa-
ries yet return'd.

Enter Haly — First Servant.

Oh *Haly*, thou hast held me long in Pain. What hast
thou learnt of *Dorax*? Is he Dead?

Haly. Two Hours I warily have watch'd his Palace; all
Doors are shut, no Servant peeps abroad; some Officers
with striding Haste pass'd in, while others outward went
on quick Dispatch; sometimes hush'd Silence seem'd to
reign within; then Cries confus'd, and a joint Clamour
follow'd;

follow'd; then Lights went gliding by, from Room to Room, and shot like thwarting Meteors, cross the House: Not daring farther to enquire, I came with Speed, to bring you this imperfect News.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying: His mournful Friends; Summon'd to take their Leaves, are throng'd about his Couch, and sit in Council. What those Caballing Captains may design, I must prevent, by being first in Action. To *Muley Zeydan* fly with Speed, desire him to take my last Instructions; tell th' Importance and haste his Presence here. [Exit Haly.]

How has this Poyson lost its wonted Way? It shou'd have burnt its Passage, not have linger'd in the blind Labyrinths and crooked Turnings of human Composition; now it moves like a slow Fire that works against the Wind, as if his stronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd? From *Mustafa*, what Message?

Hamet. What you wish: The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night, than at the Mid-day Sun: A drowzy Horrour. All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night Alarm the Bees drive out upon each others Backs, & imboss their Hives in Clusters; all ask News: Their busy Captain runs the weary Round to whisper Orders; and commanding Silence, makes not Noise cease; but deafens it to Murmurs.

Bend. Night waits apace: When, when will he appear?

Hamet. He only waits your Summons.

Bend. Haste their coming. Let Secrecy and Silence be enjoin'd in their close March: What News from the Lieutenant?

Hamet. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Interest, & admit the Towns-men at their first Appearance.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go hasten *Mustafa*.

[Exit Ham.]

G Enter

Enter Orchan the Third Servant.

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy Diligence wou'd lag behind the rest? What from the *Mufti*?

Orchan. I sought him round his Palace; made Enquiry of all the Slaves: In short, I us'd your Name and urg'd th' Importance home; but had for Answer, that since the Shut of Evening none had seen him.

Bend. O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies! They move on many Springs, if one but fail the restiff *Machine* stops — In an ill Hour he's absent; 'tis the first time, and sure will be the last that e'er a *Mufti* was not in the Way, when Tumult and Rebellion shou'd be broach'd. Stay by me; thou art resolute and faithful; I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. [*Walker*.

Enter Muley Zeydan.

Muley Zeyd. You see me come impatient of my Hopes, and eager as the Courser for the Race: Is all in Readiness?

Bend. All but the *Mufti*.

Mul. Zeyd. We must go on without him.

Bend. True we must; for 'tis ill stopping in the full Career, how e'er the Leap be dangerous and wide.

Orchan looking out. I see the Blaze of Torches from afar; and hear the Trampling of thick beating Feet; This Way they move.

Bend. No doubt the Emperor. We must not be surpriz'd in Conference. Trust to my Management the Tyrant's Death; and have your self to join with *Mustafa*. The Officer who Guards the Gate is yours; when you have gain'd that Pass, divide your Force; your self in Person head one chosen half, and march t' oppress the Faction in Consult with dying *Dorax*: Fate has driv'n 'em all in to the Ner: You must be bold and sudden: Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet with Pangs of Death, trust not his rowling Eyes and having Gasps; for Poison may be false, the Home-thrust of a friendly Sword is sure.

Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: They shall be surpriz'd;

pris'd : Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night, at Morn I'll take her in. —

Bend. Here lies your Way, you meet your Brother there.

Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet : For, like the Twins of *Leda*, when I mount, he gallops down the Skies. —

[Exit Muley Zeyd.]

Bend. He comes : Now Heart be rib'd with Iron for this one Attempt : Set ope' thy Sluces, send the vigorous Blood through every active Limb for my Relief : Then, take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell, for thou shalt drum no more.

Enter Muley Moluch and Guards attending him.

Mul. Mol. What News of our Affairs, and what of *Derax* ? Is he no more ? Say that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog, whose parting Soul is lab'ring at the Lips.

Mul. Mol. The People, are they rais'd ?

Bend. And Marshal'd too ; just ready for the March.

Mul. Mol. Then I'm at Ease.

Bend. The Night is yours ; the glittering Host of Heav'n shines but for you ; but most the Star of Love, that twinkles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed. O there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace, dissolve in Pleasures ; and make the Gods curse Immortality, that so they could not die. But haste and make 'em yours.

Mul. Mol. I will ; and yet a kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart ; my flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch like Fowl in Air too damp, and lugs along, as if she were a Body in a Body, and not a mounting Substance made of Fire. My Senses too are dull and Stupify'd, their Edge rebated ; sure some ill Approaches, and some kind Spirit-knocks softly at my Soul, to tell my Fate's at Hand.

Bend. Mere Fancies all. Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body, and drunk so deep a Draught of promis'd Bliss, she slumbers o'er the Cup ; no Danger's near, but of a Surfeit at too full a Feast.

Mul. Mol. It may be so ; it looks so like the Dream that overtook me at my waking Hour this Morn ; and Dreams they say are then Divine, when all the balmy Vapours are

extol'd, and some o'er-pow'ring God continues Sleep. Twas then methought *Almeyda*, Smiling, came attended with a Train of all her Race, whom in the Rage of Empire I had Murther'd. But now, no longer Poes, they gave me Joy of my new Conquest, and with helping Hands heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's Arms, who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bend. Good Omen, Sir, I wish you in that Heaven your Dream portends you. — Which presages Death.

[*Aside.*

Mul. Mol. Thou too wert there; and thou methought didst push me from below, with thy full Force to Paradise.

Bend. Yet better.

Mul. Mol. Ha! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?

Bend. Why ask you Sir?

Mul. Mol. For he was in my Dream; and help'd to heave me up.

Bend. With Pray'rs and Wishes; for I dare Swear him honest.

Mul. Mol. That may be; but yet he looks Damnation.

Bend. You forget, the Face wou'd please you better: Do you Love, and can you thus forbear?

Mul. Mol. I'll head my People; then think of Dalliance, when the Danger's o'er. My warlike Spirits work now another way; and my Soul's run'd to Trumpers.

Bend. You debase your self, to think of mixing with th' ignoble Herd. Let such perform the servile Work of War, such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy. What shall the People know their God-like Prince Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmish? Stole a Conquest, "Headed a Rabble, and "profan'd his Person, Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a "Tide of Ordure, and stifled with their rank offensive "Sweat?

Mul. Mol. I am off again: I will not prostitute the Regal Dignity so far, to head 'em.

Bend. There spoke a King. Dismiss your Guards to be employ'd elsewhere in ruder Combats: You will want no Seconds in those Alarms you seek.

Mul.

Mul. Mol. Go joyn the Crowd; (*to the Guards*.) *Bend-*
ear, thou shalt lead 'em, in my Place. (*Exeunt Guards.*
 The God of Love once more has shot his Fires into my Soul,
 and my whole Heart receives him. *Almeida* now returns
 with all her Charms; I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
 and dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet had long
 been hain ring in his lonely Cell, some dull, insipid, tedi-
 ous Paradise, a brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by;
 Pissing she cast at him a side-long Glance, and look'd be-
 hind, in Hopes to be persud'd: He took the Hint, embrac'd
 the flying Fair; and having sound his Heav'n, he fix'd it
 there. [*Exit Mul. Mol.*

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess. His Death
 is easy now, his Guards are gone; and I can Sin but once
 to seize the Throne. All After-Acts are Sanctify'd by
 Pow'r.

Orchan. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*, and shall reward thy Faith:
 This Master Key frees every Lock, and leads us to his Per-
 son: And shou'd we miss our Blow, as Heav'n forbid, se-
 cures Retreat: Leave open all behind us; and first set wide
 the *Mufti's* Garden Gate, which is his private Passage to the
 Palace: For there our Mutineers appoint to meet, and
 thence we may have Aid. Now sleep ye Stars that silently
 o'erwatch the Fate of Kings; be all propitious Influences
 barr'd, and none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.

[*Exit with Orchan.*

A Night SCENE of the *Mufti's* Garden.

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of
Antonio.

Mufti. This 'tis to have a sound Head-piecoe; by this I
 have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honestly
 speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe
 my self. For what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by
 him? Now for my Policy of this Night: I have mew'd
 up my suspected Spouse in her Chamber. No more Em-
 bassies to that lusty young Stallion of a Gardiner. Next,

my Habit of a Slave; I have made my self as like him as I can, all but his Youth and Vigor; which when I had, I pass'd my Time as well as any of my Holy Predecessors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, if *Johanna* look out, she will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I shall know what Concupiscence is working in her; she cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my Safety; but if she peep, if she put her Nose abroad, there's Demonstration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the first Precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma running to him with a Casket in her Hand, and Embracing him.

Mor. Now I can Embrace you with a good Conscience: here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didst thou know me in this Disguise? And what Pearls and Jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. (*going back.*) — What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou Mad, *Morayma*?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thyself, and speak Sense to me.

Mor. Then give me Leave to tell you, you are the worst of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a Monster? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a Mass of Wealth by indirect and wicked Means; the Spoils of Orphans and in these Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in these Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazest me!

Mor. I wou'd do so. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions: the Iniquity of thirty Years Mustiship, converted into Diamonds.

Muf. Wou'd some rich railing Rogue, would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his Purse for Scandal.

Mor.

Mor. No Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Railers when you insinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they Live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies when they Die. And do you think I'll be the Receiver of your Thefts? I discharge my Conscience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and restore it, you had best, to the true Owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor. And a great Credit for me to be so: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be disguis'd like a Slave, and Eves-dropping under the Women's Windows, to be saluted, as you deserve it richly, with a Pisspot: If I had not known you casually by your stumbling Gate, and a certain Reverend Awkwardness that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the Laughter of your own Servants; who have been in Search of you through your whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muf. Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the Pitch and Spots of the World that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour 'em out in Time: I am better at Bottom than thou think'st; I am not the Man thou tak'st me for.

Mor. No, to my Sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd Beginning tho', methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm Embrace; prithee what was the Meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the Zeal and Affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me, at this Age, the Nature of a close Embrace?

Mor. No indeed; for my Mother-in-Law complains, that you are past Teaching. But if you mistook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why, this is as it shou'd be now: Take the Treasure again, it can never be put into better Hands.

Mor.

Mor. Yes, to my Knowledge but it might. I have confess'd my Soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you 'till this Night, and now since thro' the Violence of my Passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your Pardon, your Blessing, and your Leave, that upon the first Opportunity I may go for ever from your Sight; for Heaven knows, I never desire to see you more.

Mus. [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Thou mak'st me weep at thy Unkindness; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

Mor. Indeed dear Daddy but we will.

Mus. Why if I have been a little Pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without Offence to his own Child: Here, take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in Vertue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better Hand.

Mus. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my Life.

Mus. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Mus. How thy good Nature works upon me; well I can do no less than venture Damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to rise to Night.

Enter Antonio in an African rich Habit.

Ant. What do you mean, my Dear, to stand Talking in this suspicious Place, just underneath *Johayma's* Window? [*To the Musici.*] You are well met Comerade, I know you are the Friend of our Flight? Are the Horses ready at the Postern Gate?

Mus. *Antonio*, and in Disguise! Now I begin to smell a Rat.

Ant. And I another, that Out-stinks it; false *Morayma*, hast thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my self: He came disguis'd like you, and I, poor Innocent, ran into his Hands.

Mus.

Maf. In good Time you did so; I laid a Trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worse Vermin has caught himself in it: You wou'd fain break loose now, though you left a Limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories, and in Call of Company, that's my Comfort.

Antonio. (*Taking him by the Throat.*) No; I have a Trick left, to put thee past thy Squeeking: I have giv'n thee the Quinzey; that ungracious Tongue shall preach no more false Doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? You will not throttle him? Consider, he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide first for our own Safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a Vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out; but for my Sake give him back a little Cranny of his Wind-pipe, and some Part of Speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single Interjection: Come away, Father-in-Law, this is no Place for Dialogues; when you are in the Mōsque, you talk by Hours, and there no Man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit 'tis your Turn to hold your Tongue. (*He struggles.*) Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take Care you shall hang forward.

(*Pulls him along the Stage, with his Sword at his Reins.*)

Mor. T'other Way to the Arbour with him; and make Haste before we are discover'd.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil Usage; he deserves not so much Favour by any Action of his Life.

Mor. Yes, pray 'bate him one, for Begetting your Mistress.

Ant. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in Silence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Job. (*At the Balcony.*) — A Bird in a Cage may peep at least, tho' she must not fly: What Bustle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio*, by all my Hopes! I know him by his Habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and

and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and hasting hence? This is no Time for Silence: Who's within Call there, where are the Servants; why Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest make Haste, and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and stop 'em.

Antonio. (Turning back.) O, that Schriech-Owl at the Window! We shall be pursu'd immediately; which Way shall we take?

Morayma. [Giving him the Casket.] 'Tis impossible to escape them; for the Way to our Horses lies back again by the House; and then we shall meet 'em full in the Teeth. Here, take these Jewels; thou may'st leap the Walls, and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind Soul?

Mor. I must take my Fortune; when you are got safe into your own Country, I hope you will bestow a Sign of the Memory of her who lov'd you!

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good Night will be lost betwixt us! Take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; besides, I shou'd never load well with the Weight of all thy Father's Sins about me, thou and they had been a Bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em; 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll serve to make thy Peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; shift for your self at least; remember I am yours for ever.

[Servants crying, this Way, this Way, behind the Scenes.]

Ant. And I but the empty Shadow of my self without thee! Farewel Father-in-Law, that shou'd have been, if I had not been curst in my Mother's Belly — Now which way, Fortune. — *[Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.]*

Servants within. Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.

Ant. O here's a Gate open; but it leads into the Castle; yet I must venture it. *(Going out.)*

(A Shout behind the Scenes where Antonio is going out.)

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight! — however, 'tis good Herding in a Crowd.

(Rums out.)
Musfi

This lusty runs to Morayma and lays hold on her, then snatches
away the Casket.

Mus. Now, to do Things in Order, first I seize upon the
bag, and then upon the Baggage: For thou art but my
Flesh and Blood, but these are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my Flesh and Blood, and keep
your self your Life and Soul.

Mus. Both or none; come away to Durance.

Mor. Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have another
trick to play you; and thank your self for what shall
follow.

(Enter Servants.)

Job. (From above.) One of them took through the pri-
vate way into the Castle; follow him be sure, for these
are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, Omar, Abedin; I have hold on
the Villain that stole my Jewels; but 'tis a lusty Rogue,
and he will prove too strong for me; what, Help I say, do
you not know your Master's Daughter?

Mus. Now if I cry out, they will know my Voice; and
then I am disgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cock-
atrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting. [The Servants seize him.]

First Servant. What a glorious Deliverance have you
had Madam from this bloody-minded Christian!

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notori-
ous Malefactor to be punish'd by my Father. I'll hunt the
other dry-foot. (Takes the Jewels and runs out after Anto-
nio at the same Passage.)

First Servant. I long to be Handselling his Hide, before
we bring him to my Master.

Second Servant. Hang him, for an old Covetous Hypo-
crite: He deserves a worse Punishment himself, for keeping
us so hardly.

First Servant. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villain's
Place; thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus.

[Beats him.]

Second Servant. And thus wou'd I revenge my self of
my lust beating. (He

(He bears him too, and then the rest.)

Muf. Oh, oh, oh!

First Servant. Now supposing you were the *Mufti* Sir, ——— (Beats him again)

Muf. The Devil's in that supposing Rascal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Mufti*: Now suppose your self my Servants, and hold your Hands; an anointed Halter take you all.

First Servant. My Master! You will pardon the Excess of our Zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and so we us'd you.

Mufti. Ay so I feel you did; my Back and Sides are abundant Testimonies of your Zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter. Run I say.

(They run to the Gate, and the first Servant runs back again.)

First Servant. Sir, the Castle is in a most terrible Commotion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable Commotion: The Voice of the Mob is the Voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the Slave, and to assume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: For the Piety of the People must be encouraged, that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

Exit Mufti and Servants

SCENE changes to the Castle-Yard; and discovers Antonio Mustapha, and the Rabble Shouting: They come forward.

Ant. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I escap'd out of his covetous Clutches; and now fly to your illustrious Feet for my Protection.

Mufti. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the *Mufti*. 'Tis the first Petition that has been made to me since my Exaltation to Tumult; in this second Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the Year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what Year; but 'tis no Matter, for when I am settled, the Learned are bound

bound to find it out for me: For I am resolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a Longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compass it before, and had design'd you a Casket of my Master's Jewels too; for I knew the Custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Person, as you are, without a Present: But he has defrauded my good Intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em: 'Tis a Prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of Mark about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his Treasure, for the Support of my new Government. (*The People gather about him.*) What do these vile Ragga-muffins so near our Person? Your Savour is offensive to us: Bear back there, and make Room for honest Men to approach us. These Fools and Knaves are always impudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deserving; bear back, I say.

(*They make a wider Circle.*)

That's dutifully done; now shont to shew your Loyalty.

(*A great Shout.*)

Hear'st thou that, Slave *Antonio*? These obstreperous Villains shout, and know not for what they make a Noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beasts they are. — For whom do you shout now? Who's to Live and Reign? Tell me that, the wisest of you.

First Rabble. Even who you please, Captain.

Must. La you there; I told you so.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our Business is only to rise upon Command, and plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the richest of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Must. This last Fellow is a little more sensible than the rest; he has enter'd somewhat into the Merits of the Cause.

First Rabble. If a poor Man may speak his Mind, I think, Captain, that your self are the fittest to Live and Reign; I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People: And thereupon I say, *A Mustapha, A Mustapha.*

H

(*At*

(*All Cry*) *A Mustapha, A Mustapha.*

Must. I must confess the Sound is pleasing, and tickles the Ears of my Ambition; but alas good People, it must not be: I am contented to be a poor simple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I shall take Care to instruct him in the Arts of Government; and in his Duty to us all: And therefore mark my Cry: *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

(*All cry.*) *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

Must. You see, Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Antonio. I observe your Modesty.

Must. But for a foolish Promise I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to set up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Musti, with his Servants.

Ant. Here's the old Hypocrite again; now stand your Ground, and bate him not an Inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and Glorious Jewels; they are destin'd to be yours, by Virtue of Prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a Quarrel, I have an old Grudge to him upon thy Account.

Musti. [*Making up to the Mobile.*] Good People, here you are met together.

First Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling; but why are we met together, Doctor? For that's it which no Body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to see one another in the Dark; and to make Holy-day at Midnight.

Must. You are met, as becomes good Musulmen, to settle the Nation; for I must tell you, that tho' your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What Stuff he talks!

Must. 'Tis excellent fine Matter indeed, Slave *Antonio*: He has a rare Tongue: Oh, he wou'd move a Rock or Elephant!

Ant. (*Aside.*) What a Block have I to work upon, (*To him.*) But still remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

Must.

Must. Nay that's true on t'other Side: The Jewels must be mine: But he has a pure fine Way of Talking; My Conscience goes along with him, but the Jewels have set my Heart against him.

Must. That your Emperor is a Tyrant, is most manifest; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our Decay of Trade; I have seen for these hundred Years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Musti. He is now upon the Point of Marrying himself, without your Sovereign Consent; and what are the Effects of Marriage?

Third Rabble. A scolding, domineering Wife, if she prove honest; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Musti. No, the natural Effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget these Children? Even upon a Christian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, tho' I am ready to swear it upon the *Alchoran*! Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Must. That's fine, in Earnest; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember ———

Must. Ay, ay, the Jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my Conscience makes me listen to him.

Musti. Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Ancestors; remember the Majesty of the People; remember your selves, your Wives and Children: And lastly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*. All these require your timely Assistance; shall I say they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest Ties of these three P's, Self-Preservation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous, cheerful Cry; and follow me, who am your Leader, to a glorious Deliverance.

(*All cry, A Musti, a Musti; and are following him off the Stage.*)

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish Qualms of Conscience: The Jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

Must. What am I forsaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my Liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name, come back ye Deferters, and hear me speak.

First Rabble. What, will he come with his Baklerdash, after the *Musti's* eloquent Oration?

Second Rabble. He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain, for we will hear you.

Must. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of Houses, your rummaging of Cellars, your demolishing of Christian Temples, and bearing off in Triumph the superstitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were sentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seiz'd? Answer first for your Remembrance, of all these Sweetnesses of Mutiny; for upon those Grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Must. Then make much of your retentive Faculties: And who led you to those Honey-Combs? Your *Musti*? No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durst not lead you; he was but your Counsellor, but I was your Captain; he only lood you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Must. I think I was, Slave *Antonio*. Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent. — Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Musti*? Or a *Musti* for your Captain? And further, to instruct you how to cry, Will you have a *Musti*, or no *Musti*? *Omnes.* No *Musti*, no *Musti*.

Must. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio*. — Do I then spit upon your Faces? Do I discourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundering? You may think I do, Believers, but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all these laudable Undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the Government; but you shall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Instigation.

Third

Third Rabble. Nay, when his Turn is serv'd, he may reach up Loyalty again, and Restitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

First Rabble. He may indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion, where half the Commandments shou'd be taken away, the rest mollify'd, and there shou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes. Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Must. And that may easily be done, with the Help of a little Inspiration: For I must tell you, I have a Pidgeon at Home, of *Mahomet's* own Breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Pease out of my Ear, rest satisfy'd 'till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depose the *Musti*.

Ant. And good Reason; for when Kings and Queens are to be discarded, what shou'd Knaves do any longer in the Pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Must. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be Preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Blessing, 'tis but Justice they shou'd have the First-Fruits of it. — Slave *Antonio*, take him into Custody; and dost thou hear, Boy, be sure to secure the little transitory Box of Jewels: If he be obstinate, put a civil Question to him upon the Rack, and he squeaks I warrant him.

Ant. [*Seizing the Musti.*] Come, my *Quondam* Master, you and I must change Qualities.

Musti. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me; we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Flesh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Must. Now, late *Musti*, not forgetting my first Quarrel to you, we will enter our selves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'Tis good to sanctify a Work, and begin in God's Name.

First Rabble. Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the last Mob.

Mob. But he takes Care of this himself.

*As they are going out, enter Benducar leading Almeyda:
He with a Sword in one Hand; Benducar's Slave follows
with Muley-Moluch's Head upon a Spear.*

Must. Not so much Hast, Masters; come back again: You are so bent upon Mischief, that you take a Man upon the first Word of Plunder. Here's a Sight for you: The Emperor is come upon his Head to visit you. [*Bowing*] Most Noble Emperor, now I hope you will not hit us in the Teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your Face, that we have exalted you. [*they all Shout*]

Benducar [*To Almeyda apart.*] Think what I am, and what your self may be, in being mine: Refuse not proffer'd Love that brings a Crown.

Almeyda *to him.*] I have resolv'd, and these shall know my Thoughts.

Bend. [*To her.*] On that I build ——— (*He comes up to the Rabble.*)

Joy to the People for the Tyrant's Death! Oppression, Rapine, Banishment and Blood are now no more; but Speechless as that Tongue, that lies for ever still. How is my Grief divided with my Joy, when I must own I kill'd him! Bid me Speak, for not to bid me, is to disallow what for your Sakes is done.

Must. In the Name of the People we command you Speak: But that pretty Lady shall Speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a Liking to her Person. Be not afraid Lady to speak to these rude Ragga-muffians: There's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their Stink, and please you.

[*Making a Leg.*]
Alm. Why shou'd I fear to Speak who am your Queen? My peaceful Father sway'd the Scepter long; and you enjoy'd the Blessings of his Reign, while you deserv'd the Name of *Africans*. Then not commanded, but commanding you, fearless I Speak: Know me for what I am.

Bend. How she assumes! I like not this Beginning. [*Aside.*]

Alm. I was not born so base, to flatter Crowds, and move your Pity by a whining Tale: Your Tyrant would have

have forc'd me to his Bed; but in th' Attempt of that foul
brutal Act, these loyal Slaves secur'd me by his Death.

[Pointing to Ben.]

Bend. Makes she no more of me than of a Slave? (Aside.)
[To Alm.] Madam, I thought I had instructed you to
frame a Speech more suiting to the Times: The Circum-
stances of that dire Design, your own Despair, my unex-
pected Aid, my Life endanger'd by his bold Defence, and
after all, his Death and your Deliv'rance, were Themes
that ought not to be slighted o're.

Mist. She might have pass'd over all your petty Busi-
nesses and no great Matter: But the Raising of my Rabble
is an Exploit of Consequence; and not to be mumbled up
in Silence for all her Pertness.

Alm. When Force invades the Gift of Nature, Life, the
eldest Law of Nature, bids Defend: And if in that defence, a
Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not ours: Suffice it that
he's dead: All Wrongs die with him; when he can wrong:
no more I pardon him: Thus I absolve my self; and him
excuse, who sav'd my Life, and Honour; but praise nei-
ther.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to Pardon, whom you would not Pay;
but what Speak I of Payment and Reward? Ungrateful
Woman, you are yet no Queen; nor more than a proud
haughty Christian Slave: As such, I seize my Right.

[Going to lay hold on her.]

Alm, (drawing a Dagger.) Dare not to approach me:
Now Africans, he shows himself to you; to me he stood
confest before, and own'd his Insolence t' espouse my Per-
son, and assume the Crown, claim'd in my Right: For
this he slew your Tyrant; oh no, he only chang'd him
for a worse; imbas'd your Slavery by his own Vileness,
and loaded you with more ignoble Bonds: Then think me
not ungrateful, not to share, th' Imperial Crown with a
presuming Traytor. He says I am a Christian; true I am,
but yet no Slave: If Christians can be thought unfit to
govern those of other Faith, 'tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not Patience; she consumes the Time in
idle Talk, and owns her false Belief: Seize her by Force,
and bear her hence unheard.

Alm.

Alm. (to the People.) No, let me rather die your Sacrifice than live his Triumph; I throw my self into my Peoples Arms; as you are Men, compassionate my Wrongs, and as good Men protect me.

Ant. (aside) Something must be done to save her. *(To Mustafa.)* This is all address'd to you Sir, she singled you out with her Eye, as Commander in Chief of the Mobility.

Must. Think'st thou so, Slave *Antonio*?

Ant. Most certainly Sir; and you cannot in Honour but protect her: Now look to your Hits, and make your Fortune.

Must. Methought indeed she cast a kind Leer towards me: Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrel as I am, till he rais'd himself to Power, and consequently to Holiness, by marrying his Master's Widow: I am resolv'd I'll put forward for my self: For why should I be my Lord *Benducar*'s Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Master?

Bend. Take her into Possession, *Mustafa*.

Must. That's better Counsel than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into Possession, and into Protection too: What say you, Masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all; One and all.

Bend. Hast thou betray'd me Traytor? *Musti* speak, and mind 'em of Religion. *(Musti shakes his Head.)*

Must. Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a Cold, with a Sermon of two Hours long, and a Prayer of four: And besides, if he durst speak, Mankind is grown wiser at this Time of Day, than to cut one anothers Throats about Religion. Our *Musti* is a Green Coat, and the *Christians* is a Black Coat; and we must wisely go together by the Ears, whether Green or Black shall sweep our Spoils.

(Drums within and Shouts.)

Bend. Now we shall see whose Numbers will prevail: The conquering Troops of *Muley Zeydan*, come to crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

Must. We will have a fair Tryal of Skill for't, I can tell him that: When we have dispatch'd with *Muley Zeydan*, your Lordship shall march in equal Proportions of

of your Body, to the four Gates of the City ; and every Tower shall have a Quarter of you.

(Antonio draws them up, and takes Almeyda by the Hand.)

(Shouts again and Drums.)

Enter Dorax and Sebastian, attended by African Soldiers and Portugueze. Almeyda and Sebastian run into each others Arms, and both speak together.

Seb. and Alm. My Sebastian ! My Almeyda !

Alm. Do you then Live ?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How ! Dorax and Sebastian still alive ! The Moors and Christians joyn'd ! I thank thee Prophet.

Dor. The Citadel is ours ; and Muley Zeydan safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince. Lay down your Arms : such base Plebeian Blood would only stain the Brightness of my Sword, and blunt it for some nobler Work behind.

Musf. I suppose you may put it up without Offence to any Man here present ? For my part, I have been Loyal to my Sovereign Lady : Though that Villain Benducar, and that Hypocrite the Musfi, would have corrupted me ; but if those two 'scape publick Justice, then I and all my honest Subjects here, deserve Hanging.

Bend. (to Dorax :) I'm sure I did my part to Poyson thee, what Saint soe're has fodder'd thee again. A Dose less hot had burst through Ribs of Iron.

Musf. Not knowing that, I poyson'd him once more, and drench'd him with a Draught so deadly Cold, that had'st not thou prevented, had congeal'd the Channel of his Blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interposing Fool, to mangle Mischief, and think to mend the perfect Work of Hell.

Dor. Thus, when Heaven pleases, double Poysons cure. I will not Tax thee of Ingratitude to me thy Friend, who hast betray'd thy Prince : Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee. But Fate, it seems reserv'd the worst of Men to end the worst of Tyrants. Go, bear him to his Fate. And send him to attend his Master's Ghost. Let some

some secure my other poys'ning Friend, whose double Diligence preserv'd my Life.

Ant. You are fall'n into good Hands, Father in Law; your sparkling Jewels in *Morayma's* Eyes, may prove a better Bail than you deserve.

Muf. The best that can come of me, in this Condition, is to have my Life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards. *Exit Antonio with the Musti, and at the same Time Benducar is carry'd off.*

Dorax (to Mustafa.) You and your hungry Herd depart untouch'd; for Justice cannot stoop so low, to reach the groveling Sin of Crowds: But curst be they who trust Revenge with such mad Instruments, whose blindfold Business is but to destroy: And like the Fire, commission'd by the Winds, begins on Sheds, but roul[ing] in a round, on Palaces returns. Away ye Skum, that still rise upmost when the Nation boils: Ye Mungril-work of Heaven, with human Shapes, not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breath, and perish, that have but just enough of Sence to know the Masters Voice, when rated, to depart.

[*Exeunt Mustafa and Rabble.*]

Almeyda (kneeling to him.) With Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay to those blest holy Fires, our Guardian Angels, receive these Thanks; till Altars can be rais'd.

Dorax (raising her up.) A wise fair Excellence, and pay no thanks; till time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than Reward can answer. If *Portugal* and *Spain* were joyn'd to *Africk*, and the main Ocean crusted into Land, if Universal Monarchy were mine, here should the Gift be plac'd.

Dorax. And from some Hands I shou'd refuse that Gift: Be not too prodigal of Promises; but stint your Bounty to one only Grant, which I can ask with Honour.

Seb. What I am, is but thy Gift, make what thou canst of me. Secure of no Repulse.

Dorax (to Sebastian.) Dismiss your Train.

[*To Almeyda.*] You, Madam, please one moment to retire, [*Sebastian signs to the Portuguese to go off.* *Almeyda bowing to him, goes off also: The Africans follow her.*]

Dorax.

Dorax. (To the Captain of his Guard.) With you one Word in private. *[Exeunt with the Captain.]*

(*Sebastian Solus.*) Reserv'd Behaviour, open Nobleness, a long mysterious Track of a stern Bounty. But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain, and draws the Scene to Sight.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turbant, and put on a Peruke, Hat and Crevat.

Dorax. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be *Alonzo*.

Dorax. So you shoud' be *Sebastian*: But when *Sebastian* ceas'd to be himself, I ceas'd to be *Alonzo*.

Seb. As in a Dream I see thee here, and scarce believe mine Eyes.

Dorax. Is it so strange to find me, where my Wrongs and your inhuman Tyranny have sent me? Think not you dream: Or, if you did, my Injuries shall call so loud, that Lethargy should wake; and Death should give you back to answer me. A thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy Wings over these Eyes; but ever when they clos'd, your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again, and dry'd the Dews they brought. The long expected Hour is come at length, by manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame; and that once clear'd, eternal Sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King; whose Royal Office is Redress of Wrongs: If I have wrong'd thee, charge me Face to Face; I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.

Dorax. 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me. Then, though I loath this Womans War of Tongues, yet shall my Cause of Vengeance be first clear: And, Honour, be thou Judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both. Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy Grievs in Terms becoming Majesty to hear: I warn thee thus, because I know thy Temper is insolent and haughty to Superiors: How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful Court, fill'd it with noisy Brawls, and windy Boasts; and with past Service, nauseously repeated, reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?

Dorax.

Dorax. And well I might, when you forgot Reward the Part of Heav'n in Kings: For Punishment is Hangmen's Work, and Drudgery for Devils. I must and will reproach thee with my Service, Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my Prince.) But just Resentment and hard Usage coin'd th' unwilling Word; and granting as it is, take it, for 'tis thy Due.

Sebast. How Tyrant?

Dorax. Tyrant.

Sebast. Traytor? That Name thou can'st not Echo back. That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor: And, if a Name more foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dorax. If I'm a Traytor, think and blush, thou Tyrant, whose Injuries betray'd me into Treason. Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith, and hurried me from Hope of Heaven to Hell. All these, and all my yet unfinished Crimes, when I shall rise to plead before the Saints, I charge on thee, to make thy Damning sure.

Sebast. Thy old presumptuous Arrogance again, that bred my first Dislike, and then my Loathing. Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dorax. Too well I know thee; but for King, no more: This is not *Lisbon*, nor the Circle this, where, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd, by Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts: Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round, met nothing but a Lie in every Face; and and the gross Flattery of a gaping Crowd, envious who first should catch, and first applaud the Stuff of Royal Nonsense: When I spoke, my homely Words were carp'd, and censur'd, for want of Courtly Stile: Related Actions, though modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts: Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward, thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded, and the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasits. *Enriquez* answer'd, with a ready lye, to save his King's, the Boon was begg'd before.

Sebast. What sayst thou of *Enriquez*? Now by Heaven thou mov'st me more by barely naming him, than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril Taunts.

Dorax.

Dorax. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him: That thing, that nothing, but a Cringe and Smile; that Woman, but more dawl'd; or if a Man, corrupted to a Woman: Thy Man Mistress.

Sebast. All false as Hell, or thou.

Dorax. Yes; full as false as that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns, and pitch'd thy Standard in these Foreign Fields: By me thy Greatness grew; thy Years grew with it, but thy Ingratitude out-grew 'em both.

Sebast. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first, if those great Acts were done alone for me; if Love produc'd not some, and Pride the rest?

Dorax. Why Love does all that's Noble here below; but all th' Advantage of that Love was thine. For coming freighted back, in either Hand with Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace, I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own: (For *Violante's* Vows were mine before :) And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez*.

Seb. I meant thee a Reward of greater Worth:

Dor. Where Justice wanted, could Reward be hop'd? Could the robb'd Passenger expect a Bounty, from those rapacious Hands who stript him first?

Seb. He had my Promise, e're I knew thy Love.

Dor. My Services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it:

Seb. Thy Insolence had cancell'd all thy Service: To violate my Laws, even in my Court, sacred to Peace, and safe from all Affronts; e'en to my Face, as done in my Despight, under the Wing of awful Majesty, to strike the Man I lov'd!

Dor. Even in the Face of Heaven, a Place more Sacred, would I have struck the Man, who propt by Power, would seize my Right, and rob me of my Love: But, for a Blow provok'd by thy Injustice, the hasty Product of a just Despair, when he refus'd to meet me in the Field, that thou should'st make a Coward's Cause thy own!

Seb. He durst; nay more, desir'd and begg'd with Tears, to meet thy Challenge fairly: 'Twas thy Fault to make it Publick; but my Duty, then, to Interpose, on Pain of my Displeasure, betwixt your Swords.

Dor. On Pain of Infamy he should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' Indignity thou didst, was meant to me; thy gloomy Eyes were cast on me with Scorn, as who should say the Blow was there intended; but that thou didst not dare to lift thy Hands against anointed Power: So was I forc'd to do a Sovereign Justice to my self; and spurn thee from my Presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd to tell me what I durst not tell my self: I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live; and live to hear it boasted to my Face. All my long Avarice of Honour lost, heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age: Has Honour's Fountain then suck'd back the Stream? He has; and hooting Boys, may dry-shod pass, and gather Pebbles from the naked Foard. Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back: — Give me Revenge while I have Breath to ask it: —

Seb. Now, by this honour'd Order which I wear, more gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it: Nor shall the Sacred Character of King be urg'd, to shield me from thy bold Appeal. If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal: The Wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee. But thou hast charg'd me with Ingratitude: Hast thou not charg'd me; Speak?

Dor. Thou know'st I have: If thou disown'st that Imputation, draw, and prove my Charge a Lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that Lie, I must not draw: Be conscious to thy Worth, and tell thy Soul what thou hast done this Day in my Defence: To fight thee after this, what were it else, than cwing that Ingratitude thou urgest? That *Isthmus* stands betwixt two rushing Seas; which, mounting, view each other from afar; and strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that *Isthmus*. Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy Life, but to reprieve it, for my own Revenge. I say'd thee out of honourable Malice: Now draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not: Beware of such another vile Excuse.

Seb. O Patience, Heaven!

Dor.

Dor. Beware of Patience too; that's a suspicious Word: It had been proper before thy Foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base: Yet, to disarm thee of thy last Defence, I have thy Oath for my Security: The only Boon I begg'd was this fair Combat: Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy Choice.

Seb. [*Drawing.*] Now I can thank thee as thou would'st bethank'd: Never was Vow of Honour better paid, if my true Sword but hold, than this shall be. The sprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night, more gladly enters not the Lists of Love. Why 'tis Enjoyment to be summon'd thus. Go: Bear my Message to *Henriquez's* Ghost; and say his Master and his Friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His Ghost! Then is my hated Rival dead?

Seb. The Question is beside our present Purpose; thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A Minute is not too much in either's Life, when there's but one betwixt us; throw it in, and give it him of us, who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead: Make Haste, and thou may'st yet o'er-take him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'd'st me longer. I prithee let me hedge one Moment more into thy Promise, for thy Life preserv'd: Be kind: And tell me how that Rival dy'd, whose Death, next thine, I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou should'st never know: But thou, like Jealousy, enquir'st a Truth, which found, will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight: Fought next my Person, as in Confort fought: Kept Pace for Pace, and Blow for every Blow; save when he heav'd his Shield in my Defence; and on his naked-Side receiv'd my Wound. Then, when he could no more, he fell at once: But rowl'd his falling Body cross their Way; and made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a Death!

Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it. Now, judge thy self, who best deserv'd my Love. I knew you both; (and durst I say) as Heaven foreknew among the shining Angel-Host, who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n; and so had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears: Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars, my Fortune has been his, and his been mine. O, worse than Hell! What Glory have I lost, and what has he acquir'd, by such a Death! I should have fallen by *Sebastians* side; my Corps had been the Bulwark of my King. His glorious End was a patch'd Work of Fate, ill sorted with a soft effeminate Life: It suited better with my Life than his, so to have dy'd: Mine had been of a Piece, spent in your Service, dying at your Feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his Life, the more his Fame, to struggle to the Field, and meet his glorious Fate: Confess, proud Spirit, (for I will have it from thy very Mouth) that better he deserv'd my Love than thou.

Dor. O, whether would you drive me! I must grant, yes, I must grant, but with a swelling Soul, *Henriquez* had your Love with more Desert: For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought against you; through all the Mazes of the bloody Field, hunted your Sacred Life; which that I miss'd, was the propitious Error of my Fate, not of my Soul; my Soul's a Regicide.

Seb. [*more calmly.*] Thou might'st have given it a more gentle Name: Thou meant'st to kill a Tyrant, not a King: Speak, did'st thou not, *Alonzo*?

Dor. Can I Speak! Alas, I cannot answer to *Alonzo*: No, *Dorax* cannot answer to *Alonzo*: *Alonzo* was too kind a Name for me. Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms, in that blest Age I was the Man you nam'd, till Rage and Pride debas'd me into *Dorax*; and lost, like *Lucifer*, my Name above.

Seb. Yet, twice this Day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax*.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you; there's my Grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st repent: Thou could'st not be a Villain, though thou woud'st: Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd; and I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

Dor.

Dor. O stop this headlong Torrent of your Goodness: It comes too fast upon a feeble Soul, half drown'd in Tears, before: Spare my Confusion: For Pity spare, and say not, first you err'd. For yet I have not dar'd, through Guilt and Shame, [*Falls at his Feet.*] to throw my self beneath your Royal Feet. Now spurn this Rebel, this proud Renegade: 'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou should'st not ask Forgiveness first; but thou prevent'st me still, in all that's Noble. Yet I will raise thee up with better News: (*Taking him up.*) Thy *Violante's* Heart was ever thine; compell'd to wed, because she was my Ward; her Soul was absent when she gave her Hand; nor could my Threats, or his pursuing Courtship effect the Consummation of his Love: So, still indulging Tears, she pines for thee, a Widow and a Maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n blest me! I shall run mad with Extasy of Joy: What, in one Moment to be reconcil'd to Heaven, and to my King, and to my Love! But Pity is my Friend, and stops me short, for my unhappy Rival: Poor *Enriquez*!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him? Nay then I was unjust to love him better. (*Embracing him.*) Here let me ever hold thee in my Arms: And all our Quarrels be but such as these, who shall Love best, and closest shall Embrace: Be what *Enriquez* was; be my *Alonzo*.

Dor. What, my *Alonzo*, said you? my *Alonzo*! Let my Tears thank you; for I cannot Speak: And if I cou'd, Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

Seb. Thou can'st not Speak, and I can ne're be Silent: Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend this vast Profusion, this Extravagance of Heaven, to bless me thus.

'Tis Gold so pure

It cannot bear the Stamp, without Alloy.

Be kind, ye Pow'rs, and take but half away

With Enje the Gifts of Fortune I resign;

But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T.

ACT V.

The SCENE is a Room of State.

Enter Dorax and Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every Face, without a Cloud: As in the Scene of opening Paradise, the whole Creation danc'd at their new Being: Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other. Such Joy have I, both in my self, and Friends: And double Joy, that I have made them happy.

Antonio. Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life; and every Change of Fortune easy to me, because I still was easy to my self. The Loss of her I lov'd would touch me nearest; yet, if I found her, I might love too much; and that's uneasy Pleasure.

Dor. If she be fated to be your Wife, your Fate will find her for you: Predestinated Ills are never lost.

Ant. I had forgot t' enquire before, but long to be inform'd, how, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset, you could unwind your self from all these Dangers; and move so speedily to our Relief?

Dor. The double Poisons, after a short Combat, expell'd each other in their Civil War, by Nature's Benefit: And rows'd my Thoughts to guard that Life which now I found attack'd. I summon'd all my Officers in Haste, on whose experienc'd Faith I might rely: All came; resolv'd to die in my Defence, save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate. Our Diligence prevented the Surprise we justly fear'd: So, *Muley-Zeydan* found us drawn up in Battle, to receive the Charge.

Ant. But how the *Mors* and *Christian* Slaves were joyn'd, you have not yet unfolded.

Dor. That remains. We knew their Int'rest was the same with ours: And though I hated more than Death, *Sebastian*, I could not see him die by vulgar Hands: But prompted by my Angel, or by his, freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self; because I would not have his Person known. I need not tell the rest, th' Event declares it.

Ant. Your Conquest came of Course; their Men were raw, and yours were disciplin'd: One Doubt remains, why you industriously conceal'd the King, who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil Broils, betwixt his Friends and mine: Which might prevent our Combat: Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his Troops; or if Victorious, order'd his Escape. But I forget a new Increase of Joy, to Feast him with Surprize; I must about it: Expect my swift Return. [Exit Dorax.]

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Serv. Here's a Lady at the Door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an End of the Game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is she? Does she not want two of the four Elements? Has she any thing about her but Air and Fire?

Serv. Truly, she flies about the Room, as if she had Wings instead of Legs; I believe she's just turning into a Bird: A House-bird I warrant her: And so hasty to fly to you, that rather than fail of Entrance, she wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

Antonio [*running to her and Embracing her.*] Look if she be not here already: What, no Denial it seems will serve your Turn? Why! Thou little Dun, is thy Debt so pressing?

Mor. Little Devil, if you please, your Lease is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch you Soul and Body;

Body ; not an Hour of Lewdness longer in this World for you.

Ant. Where the Devil hast thou been ? And how the Devil didst thou find me here ?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Castle-Yard ; but there was nothing but Tumult and Confusion ; and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by some of the Rabble, considering I had a double Charge about me, — my Jewels and my Maiden head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worship's sole Use and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all ?

Ant. Not a mouthful a-Piece ; 'Twas too much Odds in Conscience.

Mor. So seeking for Shelter, I naturally ran to the old Place of Assignment, the Garden-house ; where, for Want of Instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father ; and I hope thou hast secur'd his Effects for us.

Mor. Yes truly, I had the prudent Foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merrry with the World ; and take up with a worse Pleasure of Eating and Drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy Fortune will be e'en too good for thee ; for thou art going into the Country of Serenades and Gallantries ; where thy Street will be haunted every Night with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals ; who will be fighting and singing under thy inexorable Windows, lamentable Ditties ; and call thee cruel, and Goddes, and Moon, and Stars, and all the Poetical Names of wicked Rhime ; while thou and I are minding our Bus'ness, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em, at leisure Minutes, which will be very few ; take that by the Way of Threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you hiss so much before-hand : But, they say, your Churches are fine Places for Love-Devotion ; many a She-Saint is there worship'd.

Ant.

Ant. Temples are there, as they are in all other Countries, good Conveniences for dumb Interviews: I hear the Protestants an't much reform'd in that Point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the natural Name of Meeting-houses: Therefore I warn thee in good Time, not more of Devotion than needs must, good future Spouse; and always in a Veil; for those Eyes of thine are damn'd Enemies to Mortification.

Mor. The best Thing I have heard of Christendom, is, that we Women are allow'd the Priviledge of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some Lover, whenever you begin to go astray; and, if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the Turn.

Ant. When that Day comes, I must take my Revenge and turn Gardener again; for I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take Heed, in the mean Time, that some young *Antonio* does not spring up in your own Family; as false as his Father, tho' of another Man's Planting.

Re-enter Dorax, with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean Time Antonio presents Morayma to Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royal Pris'ner, *Muley-Zeydan*?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire, to gain a Crown, and Freedom: Well I know him, of easy Temper, naturally good, and faithful to his Word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants, to fill the Measure of my Happiness. I'm still in Pain for poor *Alvarez's* Life.

Dor. Release that Fear: The good old Man is safe, I paid his Ransom; and have already order'd his Attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter; for I long to see him.

Enter Alvarez, with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is enter'd.

Alvarez. (Falling down, and embracing the King's Knees.)
Now, by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs, I'm so o'erwhelm'd

whelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel a latter Spring within my with'ring Limbs, that shoots me out again.

Sebastian. (*Raising him.*) Then good old Man! Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more Joys, who stood Brimful before.

Alv. O my dear Child! I love thee so, I cannot call thee King, whom I so oft have dandled in these Arms! What when I gave thee lost, to find thee living! 'Tis like a Father, who himself had 'scap'd a falling House, and after anxious Search, hears from afar, his only Son within and digs through Rubbish, 'till he drags him out, to see the friendly Light. Such is my Haste, so trembling is my Joy, to draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.

Seb. The Tempest is o'er-blown; the Skies are clear and the Sea, charm'd into a Calm so still, that not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face.

Alv. Just such she shows before a rising Storm: And therefore am I come, with timely Speed, to warn you into Port.

Almeyda. (*Aside.*) My Soul forebodes some dire Event involv'd in those dark Words; and just disclosing, in a Birth of Fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire, who still survives, of *Muley-Moluch's* Branch?

Dor. Yes, such a one there is, a Captive here, and Brother to the Dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above be prais'd for that: My Prayers for my good Master I hope are heard.

Seb. Thou hast a Right in Heav'n; but why these Prayers for me?

Alv. A Door is open yet for your Deliverance: Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*, now all of us, and you (my all in one) may yet be happy in that Captive's Life.

Seb. We have him here an honourable Hostage for Terms of Peace: What more he can contribute to make me blest, I know not.

Alv. Vastly more: *Almeyda* may be settled in the Throne; and you review your native Clime with Fame. A firm Alliance, and eternal Peace, (the glorious Crown of

honourable War,) are all included in that Prince's Life: Let this fair Queen be giv'n to *Muley-Zeydan*; and make her Love the Sanction of your League.

Seb. No more of that: His Life's in my Dispose; and his'ners are not to insist on Terms; or if they were, you demands not these.

Alv. You shou'd exact 'em.

Alm. Better may be made; these cannot: I abhor the Tyrant's Race; my Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Surpers. But, at one Blow, to cut off all Dispute, know this, thou busy, old officious Man, I am a Christian: Now be wise no more; or if thou wou'dst be still thought is my wife, be silent.

Alv. O! I perceive you think your Int'rest touch'd: 'Tis what before the Battle I observ'd: But I must speak, and will.

Seb. I prithee Peace; perhaps she thinks they are too near of Blood.

Alv. I wish she may not wed to Blood more near.

Seb. What if I make her mine?

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!

Seb. Wish rather Heav'n may grant. For, if I cou'd deserve, I have deserv'd her: My Toils my Hazards, and my Subjects Lives, (provided she consent) may claim her Love: And, that once granted, I appeal to these, if bigger, I cou'd chuse a beauteous Bride.

Ant. The fairest of her Sex.

Mor. The Pride of Nature.

Dor. He only merits her; she only him. So pair'd, so suited in their Minds and Persons, that they were fram'd the Tallies for each other. If any alien Love had Interpos'd it must have been an Eye-sore to Beholders, and to them selves a Curse.

Alv. And to themselves the greatest Curse that can be, were to joyn.

Seb. Did I not Love thee, past a Change to Hate, that Word had been thy Ruin; but no more, I charge thee on thy Life, perverse old Man.

Alv. Know, Sir, I wou'd be silent if I durst: But, if on Shipboard, I shou'd see my Friend, grown frantick in

a raging Calenture, and he, imagining vain flow'ry Fields, wou'd headlong plunge himself into the Deep, shou'd I not hold him from that mad Attempt, till his sick Fancy were by Reason cur'd?

Seb. I pardon thee th' Effects of doting Age; vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution; the second Non-age of a Soul, more wise; but now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket, peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Alv. have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'st my Father's Will, in Bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* Bed: Thou seest my Faculties are still entire, though thine are much impair'd: I weigh'd that Will, and found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths: But had he liv'd to see her happy Change, he wou'd have cancel'd that harsh Interdict, and joyn'd our Hands himself.

Alv. Still had he liv'd and seen this Change, he still had been the same.

Seb. I have a dark Remembrance of my Father; his Reas'nings and his Actions both were just; and granting that, he must have chang'd his Measures.

Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore cou'd not change.

Seb. 'Tis a base Wrong thou offer'st to the Dead.

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid, that I shou'd blast his pious Memory: No, I am tender of his holy Fame: For, dying, he bequeath'd it to my Charge. Believe I am; and seek to know no more, but pay a blind Obedience to his Will. For, to preserve his Fame I wou'd be silent.

Seb. Craz'd Fool, who wou'd'st be thought an Oracle. Come down from off thy Tripes, and speak plain; my Father shall be justify'd, he shall: 'Tis a Son's Part to rise in his Defence; and to confound thy Malice, or thy Dotage.

Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd; but to be clear'd at my dead Master's Cost, O there's the Wound! But let me first adjure you, by all you owe that dear departed Soul, no more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Heav'n and Earth combin'd, can hinder it.

Alv. Then, witness Heav'n and Earth, how loath I am to say, you must not, nay you cannot wed. And since

since not only a dead Father's Fame, but more, a Lady's Honour must be touch'd, which, nice as Ermines, will not bear a Soil: Let all retire, that you alone may hear what ev'n in Whispers I wou'd tell your Ear. *[All are going out.]*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay. And, were my Voice a Trumpet, loud as Fame, to reach the Sound of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea, all Nations shou'd be Summon'd to this Place. So little do I fear that Fellow's Charge: So shou'd my Honour, like a rising Swan, brush with her Wings, the falling Drops away, and proudly plough the Waves.

Seb. His noble Pride becomes thy Innocence: And I dare trust my Father's Memory, to stand the Charge of that foul forging Tongue.

Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge: Have you not heard your Father in his Youth, when newly marry'd, travel'd into *Spain*, and made a long Abode in *Philip's* Court?

Seb. Why so remote a Question? Which thy self can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him, his Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast: And nearest to his Soul.

Alv. Too near indeed; forgive me Gracious Heaven that ever I should boast I was so near. The Confident of all his young Amours.

[To Almeida.] And have not you, unhappy Beauty, heard, have you not often heard, your exil'd Parents were refug'd in that Court, and at that Time?

Alm. 'Tis true: And often since, my Mother own'd how kind that Prince was, to espouse her Cause; she counsell'd, nay, enjoyn'd me on her Blessing, to seek the Sanctuary of your Court: Which gave me first Encouragement to come, and, with my Brother, beg *Sebastian's* Aid.

Sebast. *[To Alm.]* Thou help'st me well, to justify my War: My dying Father swore me, then a Boy; and made me Kifs the Cross upon his Sword, never to Sheath it, till that exil'd Queen were by my Arms restor'd.

Alv. And can you find no Mistry, couch'd in this Excess of Kindness? Were Kingse're known, in this degenerate Age, so passionately fond of noble Acts, where Interest shou'd not more than half with Honour?

K

Seb.

Seb. Base groveling Soul, who know'st not Honour's Worth; but weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales: The secret Pleasure of a generous Act, is the great Mind's great Bribe.

Alv. Shew me that King, and I'll believe the Phoenix. But knock at your own Breast, and ask your Soul if those fair fatal Eyes, edg'd not your Sword, more than your Father's Charge, and all your Vows? If so; and so your Silence grants it is, know King, your Father had, like you, a Soul; and Love is your Inheritance from him. *Almeyda's* Mother too had Eyes, like her, and not less charming, and were charm'd no less than your's are now with her, and her's with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st Impostor, Perjur'd Fiend, thou ly'st.

Seb. Was't not enough to brand my Father's Fame, but thou must load a Lady's Memory? O infamous, base, beyond Repair. And to what End this ill concerted Lye, which, palpable and gross, yet granted true, it bars not my inviolable Vows.

Alv. Take heed, and double not your Father's Crimes; to his Adultery, do not add your Incest. Know, she is the Product of unlawful Love; and 'tis your Carnal Sister you wou'd Wed.

Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert Condemn'd unheard, else, by my Soul, this Moment were thy last.

Alm. But think not Oaths shall justify thy Charge; nor Imprecations on thy cursed Head; for who dares lie to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jest. Thou hast confess'd thy self the Conscious Pandar of that pretended Passion: A Single Witness, infamously known, against two Persons of unquestion'd Fame.

Alv. What Int'rest can I have, or what Delight to blaze their Shame, or to divulge my own? If prov'd, you hate me, if unprov'd, condemn: Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this Secret, but too much Care, to save you from a Crime, which would have sunk you both. For let me say, *Almeyda's* Beauty well deserves your Love.

Alm. Our, base Impostor, I abhor thy Praise.

Dorax. It looks not like Imposture: But a Truth, on utmost Need reveal'd.

Sebast. Did I expect from *Dorax*, this Return? Is this the Love renew'd?

Dorax. Sir, I am silent; pray Heav'n my Fears prove false.

Seb. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the Story of that fatal Love; where every Circumstance shall prove another; and Truth so shine, by her own natural Light, that if a Lie were mixt, it must be seen.

Seb. No; all may still be forg'd, and of a-piece. No; I can credit nothing thou can'st say.

Alv. One Proof remains; and that's your Father's Hand: firm'd with his Signet; both so fully known, that plain-er Evidence can hardly be, unless his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n a while, and come on Earth to swear.

Seb. Produce that Writing.

Alvar. (to *Dor.*) *Alonso* has it in his Custody. The same, which when his Nobleness redeem'd me, and in a friendly Visit own'd himself, for what he is, I then deposited: And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dorax. (Giving a seal'd Paper to the King.) Untouch'd, and Seal'd, as when intrusted with me, such I restore it, with a trembling Hand, lest ought within, disturb your Peace of Soul.

Sebastian. (Tearing open the Seals.) Draw near *Almeyda*, thou art most concern'd: For I am most in thee. *Alonso*, mark the Characters: Thou know'st my Father's Hand, observe it well: And if th' Impostor's Pen, have made one Slip, that shows it Counterfeit, mark that, and save me.

Dor. It looks, indeed, too like my Master's Hand: So does the Signet: More I cannot say: But wish 'twere not so like.

Seb. Methinks it owns the black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* Birth: But such a Mist of Grief comes o're my Eyes, I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.

Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is false.

Seb. O could'st thou prove it, with the same Assurance! Speak, hast thou ever seen my Father's Hand?

Alm. No; but my Mother's Honour has been read by me, and by the World, in all her Acts; in Characters more plain, and legible, than this dumb Evidence, this blotted Lie. Oh that I were a Man, as my Soul's one, to prove thee, Traytor, an Assassin of her fair Fame: Thus wou'd I tear thee, thus — (*Tearing the Paper.*) And scatter o're the Field, thy Coward Limbs, like this foul Offspring of thy forging Brain. (*Scatt'ring the Paper.*)

Alv. Just so, shalt thou be torn from all thy Hopes. For know, proud Woman, know in thy Despight, the most Authentick Proof is still behind. Thou wear'st it on thy Finger: 'Tis that Ring, which match'd with that on his, shall clear the Doubt. 'Tis no dumb Forgery: For that shall speak; and sound a rattling Peal to eithers Conscience.

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold and shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death, put on my Finger; with a parting Sigh, and wou'd have spoke, but falter'd in his Speech, with undistinguish'd Sounds.

Alv. I know it well; for I was present. Now, *Almeyda*, speak; and truly tell us, how you came by yours?

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her Sight, to go to *Portugal*, bequeath'd it to me, presaging she should never see me more: She pull'd it from her Finger, shed some Tears, kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a Pledge of Love; and hid a Mystery of great Importance, relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now, while I disclose that fatal Mystery. Those Rings, when you were born, and thought another's, your Parents, glowing yet in sinful Love, bid me bespeak: A curious Artist wrought 'em, with Joints so close, as not to be perceiv'd; yet are they both each other's Counterpart. Her Part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*; (you know those Names are theirs) and in the mid'st, a Heart divided in two Halves was plac'd. Now, if the Rivets of those Rings, inclos'd, fit not each other, I have forg'd this Lie: But if they join, you must for ever part.

Sebastian pulls off his Ring: Almeyda does the same; and gives it to Alvarez, who unsewers both the Rings, and fits one half to the other.

Seb.

Seb. Now Life, or Death.

Alm. [*To Alm.*] And either thine, or ours.

Alm. [*Seeing the Rings fit.*] I'm lost for ever. (*Swoons.*)

The Women and Morayma take her up, and carry her off. Sebastian here stands amaz'd without Motion, his Eyes fixt upward.

Seb. Look to the Queen, my Wife; for I am past all Pow'r of Aid, to her or to my self.

Alv. His Wife, said he, his Wife! O fatal Sound! For, had I known it, this unwelcome News had never reach'd their Ears. So they had still been blest in Ignorance, and alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it, but too late; and durst not speak.

Seb. [*Starting out of his Amazement.*] I will not live, no not a Moment more: I will not add one Moment more to Incest: I'll cut it off, and end a wretched Being. For, should I live, my Soul's so little mine, and so much hers, that I should still enjoy. Ye cruel Powers, take me as you have made me, miserable: You cannot make me guilty: 'Twas my Fate, and you made that, not I.

(*Draws his Sword.*)

Antonio and Alvarez lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests the Sword out of his Hand.

Ant. For Heav'n's Sake, hold, and recollect your Mind.

Alvarez. Consider whom you punish, and for what: Your self? Unjustly: You have charg'd the Fault on Heav'n that best may bear it. Though Incest is indeed a deadly Crime, you are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done; and known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heaven ye're Traytors all, that hold my Hands. If Death be but Cessation of our Thought, then let me die, for I would think no more. I'll boast my Innocence above, and let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not sully. I shall be there before my Father's Ghost, that yet must languish long, in Frosts and Fires, for making me unhappy by his Crime. [*Struggling again.*] Stand off, and let me take

my Fill of Death; for I can hold my Breath in your Despight, and swell my heaving Soul out, when I please.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What, art thou giving Comfort? Woud'st thou give Comfort, who hast giv'n Despair? Thou seest *Alonzo* silent; he's a Man: He knows, that Men abandon'd off their Hopes shou'd ask no Leave, nor stay for suing out a tedious Writ of Ease, from lingring Heaven; but help themselves, as timely as they cou'd, and teach the Fates their Dury.

Dorax [*To Alv. and Anton.*] Let him go: He is our King, and he shall be obey'd.

Alv. What, to destroy himself: O Parricide!

Dor. Be not injurious in your foolish Zeal, but leave him free; or by my Sword I swear, to hew that Arm away, that stops the Passage to his eternal Rest.

Anton. [*Letting go his Hold.*] Let him be guilty of his own Death if he pleases; for I'll not be guilty of mine, by holding him.

[*The King shakes off Alvarez.*]

Alvarez [*To Dorax.*] Infernal Fiend, is this a Subject's Part?

Dor. 'Tis a Friend's Office. He has convinc'd me that he ought to die: And, rather than he should not, here's my Sword, to help him on his Journey.

Seb. My last, my only Friend, how kind art thou And how inhuman these!

Dor. To make the Trifle Death, a Thing of Moment!

Seb. And not to weigh th' important Cause I had, to rid my self of Life?

Dor. True; for a Crime so horrid in the Face of Men and Angels, as wilful Incest is.

Seb. Nor wilful neither.

Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated Acts refresh'd your Sin, and loaded Crimes with Crimes, to swell your Scores of Guilt.

Seb. True; if I liv'd.

Dor. I said so, if you liv'd.

Seb. For hitherto 'twas fatal Ignorance, and no intended Crime.

Dor.

Dor. That you best know: But the malicious World will judge the worst.

Alv. O what a Sophister has Hell procur'd, to argue for Damnation!

Dor. Peace, old Dotard. Mankind that always judges of Kings with Malice, will think he knew this Incest, and pursu'd it. His only Way to rectify Mistakes, and to redeem her Honour, is to die.

Seb. Thou hast it right, my Dear, my best *Alonzo*! And that but petty Reparation too; but all I have to give.

Dor. Your Pardon, Sir; you may do more, and ought.

Seb. What, more than Death?

Dor. Death? Why that's Childrens Sport; a Stage-Play, Death! We act it every Night we go to Bed. Death, to a Man in Misery, is Sleep. Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime, as frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above shake Heav'n's eternal Pavement with their Trembling to view that Act, wou'd you but barely die? But stretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other Side, to lengthen out a black, voluptuous Slumber, and dream you had your Sister in your Arms.

Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?

Dor. O yes, you must do more; you must be damn'd: You must be damn'd to all Eternity. And, sure Self-Murder is the readiest Way.

Seb. How, damn'd?

Dor. Why is that News?

Alvar. O Horror! Horror!

Dor. What, thou a Statesman, and make a Bus'ness of Damnation? In such a World as this, why 'tis a Trade. The Scriv'ner, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper and Soldier cannot live but by Damnation. The Politician does it by Advance; and gives all gone before-hand.

Seb. O thou hast giv'n me such a Glimpse of Hell, so push'd me forward, even to the Brink of that irremeable burning Gulph, that looking in th' Abyss I dare not leap. And now I see what Good thou mean'st my Soul, and thank thy pious Fraud: Thou hast indeed, appear'd a Devil, but did'st an Angel's Work.

Dor.

Dor. 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you Leisure: For, if you but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonso*: I will live: But never more to *Portugal* return: For, to go back and reign, that were to shew triumphant Incest, and pollute the Throne.

Alv. Since Ignorance—

Seb. O, palliate not my Wound: When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Incest: No, 'tis resolv'd: I charge you plead no more; I cannot live without *Almeyda's* Sight, nor can I see *Almeyda* but I sin. Heav'n has inspir'd me with a Sacred Thought, to live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

Dorax. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?

Seb. What else? The World was once too narrow for my Mind; but one poor little Nook will serve me now, to hide me from the rest of human Kind. *Africk* has Deserts wide enough to hold Millions of Monsters; and I am, sure, the greatest.

Alv. You may repent, and wish your Crown too late.

Seb. O never, never: I am past a Boy: A Sceptre's but a Play-thing, and a Globe a bigger-bounding Stone. He who can leave *Almeyda*, may renounce the rest with Ease.

Dorax. O truly Great! A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Heav'n. Old as he is, your Uncle Cardinal is not so far enamour'd of a Cloister, But he will thank you, for the Crown you leave him.

Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead; that he may never dream I may return. *Alonso*, I am now no more thy King, but still thy Friend; and by that holy Name, adjure thee, to perform my last Request. Make our Conditions with yon Captive King, secure me but my solitary Cell; 'tis all I ask him for a Crown restor'd.

Dor. I will do more: But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his soft Mettal melts down with easy Warmth, runs in the Mould, and needs no farther Forge.

[Exit Dorax]

Re-enter

Re-enter Almeyda, led by Morayma, and follow'd by her Attendants.

Seb. See where she comes again. By Heav'n, when I behold those beauteous Eyes, Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel!

Seb. Speak'st thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death, or double Death, for we must part, *Almeyda.*

Alm. I speak of all. For all Things that belong to us are cruel: But what's most cruel, we must love no more. O 'tis too much that I must never see you; but not to love you is impossible: No, I must love you: Heav'n may bate me that, and charge that sinful Sympathy of Souls, upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.

Seb. Good Heav'n, thou speak'st my Thoughts, and I speak thine. Nay then there's Incest in our very Souls: For we were form'd too like.

Alm. Too like indeed, and yet not for each other: Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too, tho' you propos'd it first,) however distant, we shall be ever thinking of each other; and the same Moment for each other pray.

Seb. But if a Wish shou'd come athwart our Prayers!

Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it, if we cou'd.

Seb. We cannot look upon each other's Face, but, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt. And yet methinks I cannot chuse but love.

Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for Shame, if still you lov'd? You gave it Air before me. Ah! why were we not born both of a Sex; for then we might have lov'd without a Crime! Why was not I your Brother? Tho' that Wish involv'd our Parents Guilt, we had not parted; we had been Friends, and Friendship is not Incest.

Seb. Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee! Sister and Wife are the two dearest Names; and I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin. Unhappy we! that still we must confound the dearest Names, into a common Curse.

Alm. To Love, and be Belov'd, and yet be wretched!

Seb.

Seb. To have but one poor Night of all our Lives: It was indeed a glorious, guilty Night: So happy, that, forgive me Heav'n, I wish with all its Guilt, it were to come again. Why did we know so soon, or why at all, that Sin cou'd be conceal'd in such a Bliss?

Alm. Men have a larger Priviledge of Words, else I shou'd speak: But we must part, *Sebastian*; that's all the Name that I have left to call thee. I must not call thee by the Name I wou'd; but when I say *Sebastian*, dear *Sebastian*, I kiss the Name I speak.

Seb. We must make Haste, or we shall never part. I wou'd say something that's as Dear as this; nay, wou'd do more than say: One Moment longer, and I shou'd break through Laws Divine, and Human; and think 'em Cobwebs, spread for little Man, which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks. The vigorous young World, was ignorant of these Restrictions, 'tis decrepit now; not more devout, but more decay'd and cold. All this is Impious; therefore we must part: For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight; and, once burnt down to Tinder, light again much sooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the sad Denouncer of my Fate, to toll the mournful Knell of Separation: While I, as on my Death-Bed, hear the Sound, that warns me hence for ever.

Seb. [*To Dorax.*] Now be Brief, and I will try to listen and share the Minute that remains, betwixt the Care I owe my Subjects, and my Love.

Dorax. Your Fate has gratify'd you all she can; gives easy Misery, and makes Exile pleasing. I trusted *Muley Zeydan*, as a Friend, but swore him first to Secrecy: He wept your Fortune, and with Tears, not squeez'd by Art, but shed from Nature, like a kindly Shower: In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded; a safe Retreat, a gentle Solitude, unvex'd with Noise, and undisturb'd with Fears. I chose you one.

Alm.

Alm. O do not tell me where : For if I knew the Place of his Abode, I shou'd be tempted to pursue his Steps, and then we both were lost.

Seb. Ev'n past Redemption. For, if I knew thou wert on that Design, (as I must know, because our Souls are one,) I shou'd not wander but by sure Instinct, shou'd meet thee just half-way, in Pilgrimage, and close for ever : For I knew my Love more strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

Alm. Tell me not that : For I must boast my Crime, and cannot bear that thou shou'd'st better Love.

Dorax. I may inform you both: For you must go, where Seas, and Winds, and Desarts will divide you. Under the Ledge of *Atlas*, lies a Cave, cut in the living Rock, by Nature's Hands : The Venerable Seat of Holy Hermites; who there, secure in separated Cells, Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion: And from the purling Streams and savage Fruits, have wholesome Bev'rage, and uncloudy Feasts.

Seb. 'Tis Pennance too Voluptuous, for my Crime.

Dor. Your Subjects, conscious of your Life, are few: But all desirous to partake your Exile: And to do Office to your Sacred Person. The rest who think you Dead, shall be dismiss'd, under safe Convoy till they reach your Fleet.

Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd? A vain Enquiry, since I leave my Lord: For all the World beside is Banishment!

Dor. I have a Sister, Abbess in *Terceras*, who lost her Lover on her Bridal Day. —

Alm. There, Fate provided me a Fellow-turtle; to mingle Sighs with Sighs, and Tears with Tears.

Dor. Last, for my self; if I have well fulfil'd my sad Commission, let me beg the Boon, to share the Sorrows of your last Recess: And mourn the common Losses of our Loves.

Alv. And what becomes of me? Must I be left, (as Age and Time had worn me out of Use?) These Sinews are not yet so much unstrung, to fail me when my Master shou'd be

be serv'd : And when they are, then will I steal to Death :
Silent, and unobserv'd, to save his Tears.

Seb. I've heard you both : *Alvarez* have thy Wish. But
thine *Alonso*, thine, is too unjust. I charge thee with my
last Commands, return, and blest thy *Violante* with thy
Vows. *Antonio*, be thou happy too, in thine. Last, let
me Swear you all to Secrecy ; and, to conceal my Shame,
conceal my Life.

Dor. Ant. Mor. We Swear to keep it Secret.

Alm. Now I wou'd Speak the last Farewel, I cannot ; it
wou'd be still Farewel, a thousand Times : And, multiply'd
in Eccho's, still Farewel. I will not Speak ; But think a
Thousand Thousand ; and be thou silent too, my last *Se-
bastian* : So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief. My
Heart's too great ; or I wou'd die this Moment : but Death,
I thank him, in an Hour, has made a mighty Journey,
and I haste to meet him.

[*She flazgers and her Women hold her up.*

Seb. Help to support this feeble, drooping Flower : This
tender Sweet, so shaken by the Storm. For these fond
Arms, must thus be stretch'd in Vain, and never never must
embrace her more. 'Tis past : — My Soul goes in that
Word — Farewel.

*Alvarez goes with Sebastian to one end of the Stage. Women
with Almeyda to the other.*

*Dorax, coming up to Antonio and Morayma, who stand on
the Middle of the Stage.*

Dor. Haste to attend *Almeyda* : For your Sake your Fa-
ther is forgiven : But to *Antonio* he forfeits half his
Wealth.

Be happy both —

*And let Sebastian and Almeyda's Fate,
This dreadful Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepeat'd Crimes of Parents dead,
Are justly punish'd on their Childrens Head.*

. F I N I S .